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The Nineteen-Sixties

The Coming Attack on World Poverty

By ANDREW SHONFIELD

IT would have been thought hopelessly starry-eyed, not so long ago, to start off by assuming that there was any likelihood of a major attack on poverty in the under-developed countries. The mood has changed dramatically in the past couple of years. In part, I think, this change has come about because we have surprised and impressed ourselves by our ability to increase our own wealth so fast. After all, in the early nineteen-fifties the West was in a state of extreme gloom about the prospect of obtaining enough raw materials to keep its industries going. We were going to run out of zinc and sulphur; we were likely to be short of coal and other fuels; and even if we did somehow get hold of them, the price exacted by the producers was going to be exorbitant. The moral for the industrial countries of Western Europe was that people ought to get back to the land and start producing more food and any other products that their natural resources might provide—because the day of reckoning had arrived. The best we could do was to prepare ourselves for long years of a siege economy, with the standard of living at a fairly modest level. It was a kind of counter-revolution of expectations.

Ten years later we find ourselves saddled with vast stocks of coal, a surplus of oil, and a worry about how we shall make economic use of the atomic power stations that we struggled in our panic to develop so hastily during the nineteen-fifties. The surplus of food in the United States is so large that the country could miss a whole harvest and not go short of grain. And now the producers of raw materials are complaining that they cannot sell enough to the industrial countries at a decent price; because meanwhile the industrial countries have learned how to produce synthetic substitutes for these materials or to develop new processes which make the same amount of material go further. Finally, we have discovered that in this part of the twentieth century, at any rate, prosperity *is* divisible: the warnings that the economic difficulties of the primary producing countries would drag us all down have proved false. The industrial countries have never been so prosperous, and they have sustained their prosperity by trading more and more among themselves.

By exploding the myth that we depend on the trade and prosperity of the poor countries to maintain our own standards of living in the West, the air has been cleared. We can now approach the problem of economic aid in a mood of deliberate choice. There are no phoney practical arguments to confuse our sentiments. We know that the technology available to the developed countries and the vast amount of new productive capacity that has been built up in the nineteen-fifties, both in the West and in Soviet Russia, can provide the necessary resources to give the under-developed countries a big and sustained push in the right direction. There is no material reason why, after another ten or fifteen years, anyone should ever go hungry again. Of course, there may be political reasons why this will not happen. But as Mr. Arthur Koestler pointed out in his recent talk*, the very fact that our power of self-destruction is now limitless puts us on our mettle in the running of our daily lives. The capacity to destroy on this scale is part of the mood of self-confidence;

* Printed in THE LISTENER of February 25

and out of that mood has come a willingness to contemplate a new and much more generous approach to the poor countries.

Our instinct is to be generous in a cautious and sensible fashion, never risking the waste of resources by pushing the pace of development faster than it will easily go forwards. However, we are now faced with a sudden change in the undeveloped world itself, and we have to approach the whole problem with much greater urgency. Medical science and small material improvements have lengthened the average life-span of people in Asia by several years already. This has happened in the last decade. In the next decade it may well be that the average Indian will be living beyond the age of fifty; he was dying at thirty-two just after the war. The result is that there will probably be another 100,000,000 Indians to be fed by 1970. And India is one of the countries which has so far shown a relatively moderate rate of increase in its population. In Latin America, for example, the rate of growth is much faster.

The Point of Crisis

We have, in fact, reached the point of crisis. Unless the productive power of the under-developed countries is much increased during the next few years there is a danger that the standard of living in some places may actually begin to slip back from its appallingly low present level. Even if this is avoided, the task of bringing the under-developed countries to the stage where they are able to advance rapidly on their own initiative will become much more difficult if it is left to the nineteen-seventies or nineteen-eighties; at that point of time there will be the competing demands of several hundred million more people clamouring to be fed, clothed, and given shelter.

There is another factor likely to give urgency to our efforts for the under-developed countries in the nineteen-sixties: we do not want them to become communist. You may think that this will make the nineteen-sixties altogether too much like the 'fifties. Indeed, it can be argued that one of the most serious weaknesses in the economic-aid programme of recent years has been precisely the attempt to use it as a weapon in the cold war.

I am not suggesting a repetition of anything of this sort, and I believe that the whole trend of Western thinking is turning against it. But what was obnoxious, and indeed sometimes foolish, in the handling of economic aid for political purposes in the nineteen-fifties was the obsession with the short-term tactical advantage. The greater part of the billions of dollars expended by the United States on economic aid has gone into a series of holding operations on the periphery of Asia, where a most unpromising collection of governments, either unconcerned with or incapable of conducting an effective plan of economic development, have been precariously propped up. It must have been one of the most luxurious exercises in the history of Western policy, with the United States like a confused sugar-daddy not knowing when it was being blackmailed, cajoled, or loved. The Americans just happen to be the best-publicized case—they have a habit of spelling out their doubts and frustrations at the top of their voices in public—but the more discreet British and French have also been involved in some fairly extravagant operations of the same type round the world.

Unreliable Returns on Economic-aid Programmes

Fortunately, it is beginning to be widely recognized that the direct political returns on an economic-aid programme are usually unreliable and often insignificant. Poor nations are likely to bite the hand that feeds them—and then to claim that hunger had produced an honest confusion between hand and proffered nourishment. We ought to be ashamed of ourselves for being so sensitive. Perhaps, indeed, we ought . . .

The new concern about communism in the under-developed world is of a different variety. It is not a matter of blocking Soviet attempts to get on friendly terms with this or that country in Asia or Africa or Latin America. Indeed, it is not essentially a question of Soviet diplomacy at all. It is rather the deeper issue of whether a poor country can in practice industrialize itself as rapidly as a communist rival. Mr. Khrushchev has recently been going round Asia telling large audiences, with obvious conviction, that they cannot 'make it' without using communist techniques. He is sure that they will turn to communism because of its sheer technical superiority as a method for speeding up economic development in very poor countries.

I believe that this argument ought to be taken seriously. It is fairly easy to show that Marx was wrong in his view that the communist revolution was necessary in order to save the developed industrial countries from self-destruction. But this same doctrine, against all the instincts and intentions of its inventor, has been shown to be capable of a remarkably effective application in a backward peasant country which is trying to break through into the modern industrial age. Pausing only briefly to reflect how furious Marx himself would have been with this conclusion, let us look at some of the communist advantages in dealing with the problems of an under-developed country.

To begin with, politics are treated as a primary factor in the struggle for development. The old class of landowners, who instinctively resist the new technology and modern methods of doing business—because they know that this will mean the end of their social dominance—are rooted out from their positions of power in one violent wrench. In a non-communist society a weak middle class, without social self-confidence, has to try to do the same job, in co-operation with the army or one of the other traditional centres of power within the community. It takes much longer.

The second major advantage of the communists is their readiness to impose total mobilization and total discipline on labour. This is a decisive factor in economic development—at any rate, in the overcrowded countries of Asia, which make up three-quarters of the population of the under-developed world, where labour is plentiful, much too plentiful, and almost everything else is scarce. To use this labour to make things which will be readily exported and earn the large amounts of foreign exchange required to pay for imports of machinery and heavy equipment is an enormously difficult task. The technique which the communists have perfected is to put this labour to work, during the early stages of development, as a direct substitute for machine power.

The Ascendant Machine

I was struck recently, when I visited the huge dam at Bhakra, in the north of India, by the almost complete absence of pick-and-shovel men or of people carrying the earth and stones which are part of dam building. The skyline was filled with cranes and hoisting equipment, while a long piece of machine belting, electrically driven, climbed like a snake over the hills bringing its continuous load of stone from a quarry some miles away to the site of the dam. Why, I asked the engineers in charge, did they not draw on the huge reserve of unemployed Indian labour to replace the machinery—and also save the electricity, which is now so short that it is holding up production in the factories of the area? They gave various answers of a more or less technical character. But the main fact that emerged was that these technicians did not want thousands of primitive, and probably half-starved, labourers crawling all over their site. They would be out of control, they would get in the way, and everything would be slowed down. The truth was that machines were infinitely easier to manage than human beings—and much cheaper.

These are not problems which worry the Chinese. There, the régime sets out deliberately, and brutally, to substitute surplus labour for scarce machinery. Moreover, because the communists can fix wages low, and squash all trade-union opposition, they can squeeze a much larger volume of savings out of the community. The Government also takes all industrial profits. These savings out of wages and profits are used by the communists to raise the level of capital investment, above all in the heavy industries. To take a concrete example, forced saving means that there is less money people can spend on bicycles; and so the steel, which in India is absorbed in increasing quantities by the bicycle industry, goes into the production of more capital goods.

None of this would be possible without a political tyranny. People can be controlled so completely only when there is an effective terror exercised at the centre, and all possible sources of opposition to the Government have been eliminated. A communist tyranny also has the advantage of being able to promise political stability for some years ahead. This is most important for effective economic planning. Officials simply do not plan ahead —and business men even less so—if the government in an under-

developed country is thought likely to topple. Ceylon and Indonesia illustrate the point at the moment.

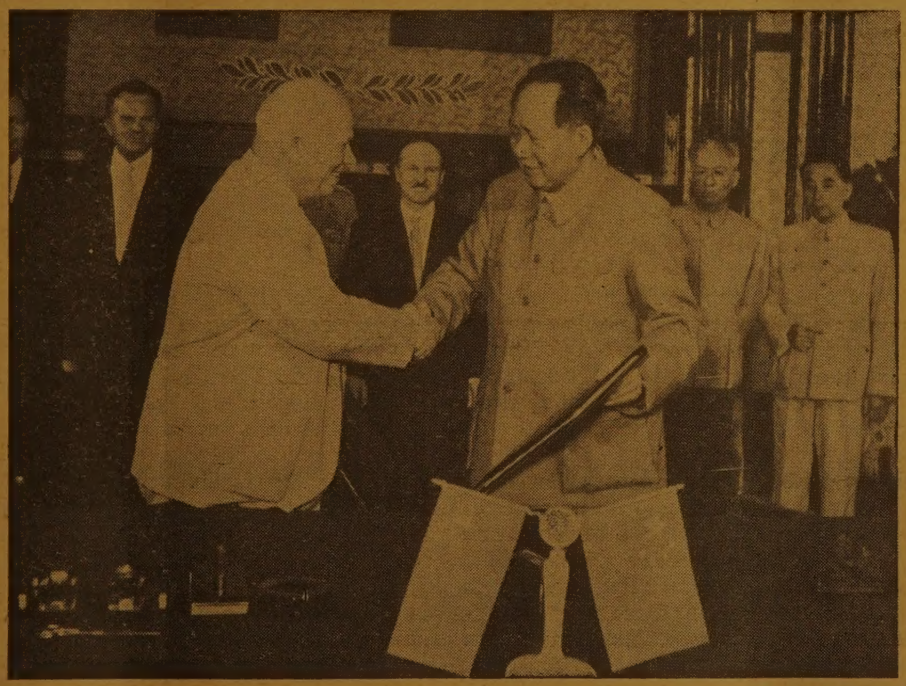
Considering all the advantages of communism it might be thought that the wisest and perhaps the most generous course would be to let the under-developed countries get on with it and go communist. Certainly it is true that if two poor nations, equally endowed by nature, were starting from scratch, the odds would be enormously in favour of the one which adopted a communist system. The real objection is that the moral and political damage done to a nation by a communist régime is of a lasting character. The habits of totalitarian tyranny take a long time to change. Even this would not be an overwhelming objection to communism, if there were no other way of getting through the crisis which looms ahead for the under-developed countries during the 'sixties and 'seventies. There will in fact be another way only if the West is prepared to pay for it on a large scale.

There is no doubt that we can give these countries the fruits of modern technology more quickly than they could possibly obtain them by becoming communist on their own. But, first, are we generous enough to do it? And, second, are we wise enough to know how to do it? There seems to me to be a reasonably good prospect on the score of generosity. It is the sheer sustained good sense required for the task that will impose the greatest test. We shall have to be patient in the face of stupid complaints and unfair accusations from over-sensitive and aggressive people, whom we are trying to help. We shall also have to recognize that many of our cherished ideals—democracy, the rule of law, social minima, and some degree of rough justice in sharing sacrifices—simply do not apply in the feverish and brutal struggle of the early stages of development. The whole thing is extraordinarily ugly to watch. Indeed, we are probably going to be sorry that we ever became involved in the business of forcing the pace of economic development. But it is also predictable that we shall be sorrier if we do not.—*Third Programme*

Uneasy Allies?

ALEXANDRE METAXAS on the Soviet Union and China

WHEN I was in the Soviet Union three years ago, I found Russians mainly preoccupied with the cold war and the diplomatic isolation of the Kremlin, an isolation which has been broken by the agile manoeuvres of Mr. Khrushchev. In my recent visit, I found a change of attitude. Today the Russians, who hope to settle their problems with the West at the next summit conference, look with anxiety towards the Chinese Wall. A Moscow engineer told me frankly: 'In 1941, before the nazis' attack, I watched with suspicion trains full of raw material passing in the direction of the Third Reich; today I watch with equal anxiety our trains filled with all sorts of material rolling towards China. We know perfectly well that we are giving, and we know what we are giving, but we also know that the Chinese will never give it back to us. And above all we know that they do not even appreciate it'.



Mr. Khrushchev and Mao Tse-tung shaking hands after the signing of a joint declaration during the Soviet Prime Minister's visit to Peking in August 1958

This is the opinion of the man in the street. But I believe the leaders of the Kremlin, the high officials of the state and the party, are just as worried. They are worried from the diplomatic as well as the ideological point of view. On the diplomatic side it seems that China prefers to act independently; she does not approve of a rapprochement with the West, she insists on imposing her supremacy in Asia. China hardly admits Moscow's continuing influence on neutralist countries such as India and Indonesia. She is irritated about Mr. Khrushchev's friendliness towards Mr. Nehru and Russia's reserved attitude during the Chinese frontier dispute with India.

The Russians exert a singular influence in Afghanistan which the Chinese would have preferred to attribute to themselves. The disputes between Peking and Mr. Sukarno do not seem to move Moscow, which on the contrary gives preference to Indonesia. On the ideological side the Chinese and the Russians often have different opinions. Moscow and Peking dispute the control of the communist parties of Asia. For instance, the Communist Party of Indonesia depended directly on Moscow until 1957. Since then, the control has passed to Peking, but now one part of the Communists envisage a return to Moscow. This is one example.

The divergencies between Moscow and Peking become much more serious when placed on purely theoretical ground. Here, the Chinese Communists have a tendency to regard the Soviet Communists with disdain. Mao Tse-tung considers himself to be Lenin and Stalin in one. Facing the man who made the Chinese revolution, the Russian ideologists have but Khrushchev to offer, who too often brushes aside pure ideology in favour of concentrating on a useful and, for the Russians, a highly valuable opportunism, which is extremely displeasing to the Chinese. The Chinese who go to Moscow, as I have observed myself, do not hide their bad temper. It has, of course, been suggested that this is all a game, a double game intended to trick the West, to mix up the cards so as to hide the game as played between Moscow and Peking, who are actually bent on bluffing the West's candour. But in this case it is most surprising that the Chinese should jeopardize ostentatiously Mr. Khrushchev's diplomatic initiatives.

China and the Soviet Union possess a different rhythm in the structure of their communism. In China the movement was accelerated to the point that they accomplished in ten years what Russia should have done in twenty years. But when the Chinese brag about their feats, the Russians reply that Peking is lucky to

profit from Russia's experience—which has enabled Mao to gain precious time. Moscow maintains that much time will pass before the leaders of Peking will be able to offer a vital minimum to the 600,000,000 Chinese. And Russia herself will not be able to rehabilitate China for a long time to come. The Chinese, by the way, blame the Russians for furnishing expensive material on a dollar basis. The arrogance of the Chinese ideologists openly shown towards the Russian Communists makes the latter feel uneasy, since they give the impression of being 'conservative', in comparison with the Chinese 'progressives'. Thus the Russian and the Chinese systems do not overlap.

Some Russians who belong to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, the Minindel, regret the period when Chiang Kai-shek and Mao Tse-tung were fighting each other. Stalin was sharing favours with the nationalist chief and the communist leader. It must be remembered that Stalin, for a long time, did not unconditionally support the Chinese Communist Party. Often Stalin gave preference to the state rather than to ideological solidarity. Today Mr. Khrushchev must face a colossal China, and moreover a united China. In order that the alliance with China should really be fruitful Peking and Moscow should possess one unique commandment, an equal political and ideological direction and a common market on the economic side. This is certainly not the case. On the contrary, the Russians ask themselves whether the Chinese may not one day turn towards Japan. By turning a deaf ear to ideology and insisting on a racial community between the Japanese and the Chinese, Peking might persuade Tokyo to create a common Sino-Japanese market in which Japan would furnish the industrial equipment and China the raw material.

Things become worse when Russians look at the problem of Siberia. A huge Chinese army is guarding the waterfronts of the country, but large Chinese forces are also stationed near the Western frontier, that is near the Siberian border. Six hundred million Chinese are living in a territory smaller than Siberia which, with its 2,000,000 square miles, has a population of only 20,000,000. The Chinese ideologists and economists are pressing their diplomats to force the Russians to share Siberia equally with China. But despite all the appeals to an ideological community, the Soviet Government merely reinforces its propaganda in Asia, and in doing so diverges more and more from the Chinese propaganda line. I heard the following explanation from a high official of the Minindel in Moscow, given here in a few words: 'Tito slipped too far to the right for our taste, but, after all, Yugoslavia has only 18,000,000 inhabitants. China, on her part, goes too far to the left. Ideologically she is super-zealous and embarrasses us abroad as well as at home. Peking shows no respect for us in reminding us constantly about ideological problems'.

Sometimes one even has the impression in Moscow that the Kremlin does not really want to see China in the United Nations, any more than do the United States. This is, of course, just an impression but it is certain that if tomorrow China took part at the summit conference, and if she became one of the members of the Security Council, Moscow would see her star and her prestige fade when facing not only the West but the Asian and all the under-developed countries as well. In any case, the Russians have never looked forward to an agreement with the West, and the United States in particular, with so much enthusiasm as now. Everyone in Moscow is passionately interested in the preparations for the presidential elections in America, and anxiously awaiting the results. The Russians believe that, after all, Mr. Khrushchev did quite a good job with President Eisenhower. But will he be able to continue in this line with the next president of the United States? I heard this question often; which just goes to show at what point now the Russians are trying to establish contact with the West so as to bring about a time for breathing freely, to increase their standard of living, to maintain their diplomatic positions across the world, and to avoid their friends and allies, the Chinese, from forcing a showdown.—*European Services*

The Uproar over West Germany and Spain

By F. D. WALKER, B.B.C. Bonn correspondent

IN THE UPROAR about the Federal German Republic's angling after military depots in Spain it has been noticeable that the brickbats are not so much for eighty-four-year-old Dr. Adenauer as for a man forty years his junior, Herr Strauss, the Minister of Defence. Herr Strauss to all outward appearance is letting them fly about him with a smiling self-confidence. For Herr Strauss seems to be having no second thoughts. When he came out from speaking before the Bundestag Defence Committee last week he said that he believed West Germany's ideas on this matter of Spain and the problem of military supplies for a modern army were perfectly justified. And his Ministry Press Officer added that if Nato planners thought it unnecessary for West Germany to have depots in Spain, then it was for them to make other suggestions. At the same time, these government speakers, and all the others in Bonn these past few days, seem to have been consistent in saying that no negotiations have been going on between West Germany and Spain, and that there will be no agreement without the consent of Nato; and to Nato, presumably, the matter will go.

Members of the Social Democrat Opposition a day or two ago were freely using such phrases as 'unbelievably stupid and tactless' about any approach by West Germany to Franco Spain. But from Opposition reaction since then there is some evidence that Herr Strauss has made a powerful, purely military, case about West Germany's needs for supply space. All that Social Democrat members seemed to be saying after the meeting of the Defence Committee last week was that they could not support government policy in the matter. Could an Opposition say less? Some of the sting of their criticism, at any rate, seems to have been drawn. There has been plenty of severe criticism in the newspapers of Herr Strauss's activities as showing a gross lack of political and diplomatic awareness of consequences. But there has also been defence of him. The *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* has had a leading article referring gaily enough to 'Strauss waltzes with Franco'. But the article is all that is earnest when it goes on to deplore the stupidity of not foreseeing the unhappy consequences of any such venture when people had only to be reminded for a moment of the Spanish Civil War, and Hitler's Condor Legion in it, and Guernica. But the same newspaper has also said that if the Nato partners approve of West Germany having armed forces they must, in consistency, approve of what goes with armed forces, and that includes the necessity of supply bases. And it has said: 'If Franco is not formally a member of Nato, he is in fact an associate, and has been since the American-Spanish agreements and the establishment of American bases in his country'.

I can find no evidence of any feeling among the Western Allies in Bonn that the plotting of some sinister Adenauer-Franco axis has been filling Herr Strauss's thoughts. What is felt is that there has been a politically clumsy and ill-advised act.

Herr Strauss was scarcely grown up at the time of the Spanish Civil War, and for more than half his adult life he has been a citizen of this post-war Germany; and over such a business as the West German bases in Spain, one has to realize that the first instinctive political reaction of West Germans, certainly of the age of Herr Strauss downwards, is not in terms of pre-war or wartime but of post-war facts. In any international political question, their first thought of themselves is not that in the imagination of other countries they are the first generation of Germans after the generation under Hitler; it is of themselves as partners in Nato whose enemy is communism. And their first mental association with the composite word 'Franco Spain', for example, is not the last war, Hitler, the Condor Legion, and Guernica, but the fact that the senior partner in Nato itself—the United States—now has agreements with Spain and bases in Spain; and, to go further afield, that the United Nations has now for some time had as one of its full members Franco Spain.—'*From Our Own Correspondent*' (*Home Service*)

Don't Rock Our Boat

MARGARET BARNES on problems facing the peoples of Central Africa

IF you live in Africa, as I do, the much discussed question of how white people and black people feel about each other becomes a personal one—a practical problem of coexistence. The kind of answer that a white Central African gives to the question classifies him or her, politically, as a liberal or a reactionary; but there are a good many shades of opinion in both categories.

If you were looking for a hard core of genuine liberal opinion among white Central Africans—opinion which is neither starry-eyed idealism nor hypocritical lip-service—you would be most likely to find it among first generation Rhodesians: among the people, that is, who were born in the country in the early nineteen-hundreds, whose parents settled there before or about the turn of the century, and whose children are now busy raising the third generation of born Rhodesians. There are, of course, many genuine liberals who are not first-generation Rhodesians; and there are some first-generation Rhodesians who are not liberals. But it is among the people who were born in the country fifty or sixty years ago—a group to which I myself belong—that you will find an instinctively realistic attitude, and therefore an essentially liberal attitude, to the affairs of the country whose emergence into nationhood has coincided exactly with their own lives.

'The drum-beat of Africanism . . . is throbbing through the whole land today': an African crowd carrying placards during Mr. Macmillan's recent visit to Nyasaland

We are better called white Africans than white settlers. For this is our country, and we identify ourselves with all its people and problems, taking the intimacy of our concern for granted, without the cant and theorizing which the problems of a multi-racial community too often arouse in onlookers. And because this is our country, we have everything to lose—and I do not mean merely material things—if there is a failure to evolve a lasting *modus vivendi* between black people and white people in Central Africa. We have struck deep roots in the soil of Africa, and we feel the drum-beat of Africanism which is throbbing through the whole land today not as aliens, but as intimate participators, whose presence is inextricably bound up in the awakening of the Dark Continent.

To say this is not for a moment to claim that first-generation white Rhodesians have no colour consciousness and no race prejudice to overcome. Indeed, in some ways we are more subject to it than others, because we opened our eyes on the country half a century ago, when the primitive indigenous people were still savages, when imperialism was still in fashion and not a matter for a bad conscience, even if it did sometimes involve conquest and exploitation of 'the natives'.

'We recognize the progress of the African as a measure of our own success in civilizing Africa': a white teacher with a class of young Africans in Southern Rhodesia

Since those early days, we have had to adapt ourselves continually to changing circumstances and changing ideas; and I think we, who have spent our lives in Africa, are aware of the inevitable and organic nature of the change in a way that neither late-comers nor onlookers can possibly be. We may not altogether like it, any more than the former 'upper classes' here in Britain have altogether liked the emergence of a new social order involving so much levelling-up—and down—of privilege and power. But those of us who, in my view, may claim to provide the hard core of liberal opinion in the country do not resist the change.

We accept it: and not just with resignation. We recognize the progress of the non-white African as a measure of our own success in civilizing Africa, and we accept change with a sense of mission, a sense of adventure, of challenge and achievement which is our inheritance from pioneer parents.

The aspect of change which is attracting most of the world's attention at present is the emergence of political con-

sciousness among Africans. Obviously white Central Africans like myself see this driving-force of the new black nationalism from a viewpoint entirely different from that of the white administrators of the African territories in which the European settler is not a significant factor. It should not be necessary at this stage to stress the difference between those parts of Africa where white men have been only administrators and those parts where there has been large-scale white settlement. But I find that this difference is too often ignored in Britain. We feel that the distinction between those territories where civilized men and their civilized enterprises have provided the impetus and initiative for economic development and those where they have only manned a civil service is a valid and important distinction. The statements by African nationalist leaders like Mr. Tom Mboya of Kenya that the African's right to self-determination is a birthright which is in no way dependent upon his acquisition of the civilized arts of government, may seem acceptable to their champions over here, but we feel that the white man has earned the right, in the settler territories, to insist that government remains in civilized hands—always provided, of course, that he does not specify their colour.

Nor is this the entirely selfish attitude which it is often taken to be; for we are concerned with the preservation of the standards we have established just as much for the African's sake as for our own. Because we know how much the quarter of a million white people in Central Africa are contributing to the cultural, social, and political education of the African, as well as to his economic prospects, it is shocking to us to see the white man's presence in Central Africa undervalued and overshadowed by a theoretical conception of the political rights of black men—a conception which is based on international power-politics that aim at appeasing African nationalist leaders all over the continent, at the expense of a backward people's real needs and interests.

Courage and Generosity

Mr. Garfield Todd once defined the liberalism which he preached and practised with so much sincerity with the telling phrase 'co-operating generously and courageously with the inevitable'. By 'the inevitable' he meant the rapid advance of the African people towards full political and economic fair-sharing with the European, and the key-word there is 'rapid'. The courage and the generosity which Mr. Todd advocated are not as wholly lacking as many of our critics seem to believe. White Africans like myself would like to have it more widely recognized over here that there was a great deal of courage, and a great deal of generosity, on the part of European inhabitants of the Central African territories in the acceptance of the federal plan in 1953.

For white opponents of federation at that time saw it as a concession to ideals of race partnership which was dangerous to the white man's interests. Its black opponents took the diametrically opposite view that it was dangerous to theirs. Those of us who favoured federation, on the other hand, saw it as the natural sequel to the choice made by Southern Rhodesia thirty years earlier, when a quite small majority of voters in a referendum chose to have responsible government rather than a merger with the Union of South Africa. We saw it as a confirmation of Rhodesia's determination to seek a solution other than *apartheid* to the problems of peaceful coexistence between the races. Any effective political block against the northward spread of *apartheid* must, we thought, be more economically self-supporting than Southern Rhodesia alone could be. Northern Rhodesia's copper promised a decisive contribution to this greater self-sufficiency. And the gigantic Kariba Dam project, which offered a means of using the Zambesi to unite rather than to divide the two Rhodesias, was part of this conception.

Our arguments for the inclusion of Nyasaland in the Federation were essentially based on that small, densely populated and poverty-stricken territory's own needs rather than on any contribution it could make. But this is not to say that Nyasaland could be easily dispensed with as an integral part of the Federation. The Nyasas flow steadily and in large numbers into the Rhodesias in search of employment and are closely intermingled with Rhodesian Africans, and it has always been important to the success of the federal experiment that they should not dissociate themselves from Central African inter-racialism, thus isolating themselves politically and economically and probably influencing their Northern Rhodesian neighbours against acceptance of the Federation's inter-racial objectives. The pity of it is that there was not enough time before the Nyasas were caught up in the whirlwind of nationalist agitation to demonstrate the economic advantages of federation, or to allay the original but unfounded fear that their land would be apportioned between black and white on the Southern Rhodesian pattern.

Dangerous 'Lids'

I have claimed that the acceptance of federation by white Central Africans in 1953 was an earnest of genuine liberal attitudes. Today, the uprush of black nationalism in the protectorates and the pressure of outside influence behind it—especially British Labour Party influence—are making it extremely difficult for Rhodesian liberals with opinions like my own to label their attitude in political party terms. For those of us who still see the federal experiment as the last hope of evolving a nationalism in British Africa which is not black or white but black *and* white, it seems vitally important that no alternatives to federation should be considered at this stage; and equally important that no lids, in the form of premature constitutional decisions, should be clamped down upon this melting-pot of racial differences—lids under which pressure might so well build up to the point of disruptive explosions.

The tragedy for us is that our type of liberalism, which should provide the drive and impetus which would come naturally from what one must call, for want of a better word, the country's intelligentsia, is being hampered and paralysed by the counter-influence of the intellectual champions of the African cause over here. I think this is why pressmen who accompanied the British Prime Minister on his Central African tour noted the absence of any voice between the voice of black nationalism on the one hand and that of the Federal Government on the other—a voice which might make itself much more clearly and effectively heard if it were freed from the obligation to keep appealing to the extremists to sit down and stop rocking the boat.

The liberals who do not want to see the original federal idea changed or abandoned at this stage are accused of 'benevolent paternalism'; and benevolent paternalism is a much discredited motive today for things that are decreed by white men for black men in settler territories in Africa, especially when what is decreed is in opposition to what little articulate African opinion there is. But anyone who underestimates the inevitability and the value of paternalism as a stage in the establishment of goodwill and good faith between a highly civilized race and a backward people is surely ignoring a fundamental aspect of human relations. It is not either hypocrisy or self-delusion on our part to see an enormous advantage to the black man in the white man's plan for an inter-racial state in central Africa; nor is it unjustifiable, in my view, to exercise some paternalistic authority in the northern protectorates to give the plan a fair trial.

Not for a moment do I suggest that the white man always acts with the best motives, or always in good faith or with courage and generosity towards the black man. Indeed he does not. But I feel sure that in historic perspective his presence in Africa will prove as dynamically beneficial to the Africans as was the presence of the Roman colonists among the Ancient Britons. (Luckily for Britain, there were no Labour Party theorists in Imperial Rome!)

Civilizing through Self-identification

It would be too much to expect the average colonist to accept the idea that his presence in a country which it is taking so much of his enterprise and effort to develop is only, or even primarily, a means to the end of civilizing the African. But even when he sees and defines his own motives and objectives in other terms; even when he is reluctant and reactionary about African advancement, that is really exactly what he is, in fact, doing—civilizing the African—and I believe that he is doing it much more effectively by identifying himself with the country as a white settler than he has done it in other territories where he is in a purely administrative capacity.

Anyone who has lived in the country all his life, as I have,

A recent photograph of the Kariba Dam, the project for which 'offered a means of using the Zambesi to unite rather than to divide the two Rhodesias'

would not assess what has been achieved so far by comparing the lot of the African with the lot of the European in Africa, but by comparing the black man of 1960 with the black man of sixty years ago, as my own parents first knew him; the black man who had no written language, no habitation more permanent than a mud hut with a roof of dried grass, no skill in developing or conserving natural resources, no notion of resolving inter-tribal differences except by bloodshed, and no knowledge of the outside world and its centuries of stored wisdom. Provided one admits it is better to be a civilized man than to be a savage, and provided one accepts the fact that both loss and gain are involved at all stages of human progress, the achievement is impressive. As a Southern Rhodesian who claims to be liberal-minded, I do not find the present material lot of the Africans of Southern Rhodesia a weight upon my conscience. They have made tremendous strides since the days of my own childhood; and even if the mass of African people as a whole is only just emerging from deep poverty and total illiteracy, it is something even to have got them on the move. To us in Southern Rhodesia the fact that we have got 80 per cent. of the territory's African children in school means more than can perhaps be appreciated by people who have never had any first-hand experience of starting from scratch to educate a primitive race—people whose low productivity and earning-power bear no relation to the money spent on providing civilized facilities for them.

As I see it, it is not a birthright but a mess of potage which misguided champions of black nationalism are pressing upon the African inhabitants of the Federation at this stage. Because of their enormous numerical superiority the long-term political future of these Africans is secure. White domination is not a long-term possibility. I do not, personally, believe it to be a long-term possibility even in South Africa, where the proportion of black to white is not nearly as great as in the Federation, and where white domination is at present a much more oppressive reality because it had taken hold over a long period before the world's conscience woke up to the iniquities of colour prejudice, and before the Africans themselves became conscious of their human rights. And if politically the Africans of the Federation cannot lose in the long run, they have everything to gain by remaining under the tutelage and guidance of the white man while they acquire the qualifications to make their partnership with him fully acceptable to him and a reality for themselves.

What I, a born Rhodesian, speaking from the heart about a beloved country, look for and hope for in this year of momentous discussions and decisions in Africa is patience—patience on the part of all those concerned in the Central African experiment.

The black African can afford to wait. Time is on his side and his advancement is gaining speed and momentum and obstacles are being steadily removed from his path, with colour-bar and franchise reforms and widening educational opportunity. The road is open, and it is becoming more and more generally accepted by white Central Africans that the rate of the African's advance depends primarily on how apt and how reasonable a learner-driver he proves himself to be.

The white man in Central Africa must be patient. He has everything to lose if by pressing his claims he risks sacrificing the possibility of a new and imaginative solution to Africa's race problems. The British Government, for its part, will need all its genius for compromise to balance its various obligations in Central Africa. One of these obligations is to its own colonial kinsmen—the white men on the spot who, given enough time and enough moral support and enough freedom from irresponsible interference, might still produce the right answer to Africa's colour question. Another obvious obligation is to the African people of the Protectorates, whose confidence in the federal plan has not yet been won and has indeed—and alas!—been very dangerously undermined by misguided political propaganda from Britain. And a third obligation—and it is much too often overlooked—is to the 2,000,000 Africans of Southern Rhodesia, who will be the principal sufferers if a triumph of black nationalism in the north should swing reactionary white opinion in the self-governing territory back to the southward-facing attitudes of 1923 and 1953—to the possibility of solutions closer to those of the Union of South Africa.

What I look for and hope for as an outcome of the 1960 discussions is time—time for us all, black and white, to try a little harder and for a little longer to solve the most significant and difficult problem in human relations which our civilization has had to face; and to solve it in such a way that it leaves the way of peace and progress open to all Central Africa's people. Success in this would be the most remarkable and valuable new thing ever to come out of Africa.—*Third Programme*

THE LISTENER
next week will include
Independence and After
by **Mrs. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit**
Symbol and Image by **Sir Russell Brain**
Candlelight Evening
a short story by **Heinz Huber**
and
The Art of Conducting by **Sir Adrian Boult**

The Listener

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Violence and Conformity

THE American 'Beat generation' poet Allen Ginsberg, in a recent broadcast interview, defended his work against charges of excessive self-consciousness by arguing that, in an age dominated by mass-communication, the artist's first responsibility is to speak truthfully about himself: that is, to explore his own desires, fears, frustrations, and obsessions freely, and to resist the attempts of society to destroy his unique individual identity. In England, Mr. Colin Wilson, author of *The Outsider,* holds a related view. Mr. Wilson's first novel, *Ritual in the Dark,* is reviewed elsewhere in this number. It is a study of a sadist and mass-murderer. Yet its treatment is remarkably intellectual, and completely free from sensationalism or melodrama. In real life, hanging would doubtless be 'too good' for Mr. Wilson's murderer. Yet as a phenomenon his philosophy of extreme individualism is no less significant of the condition of our society as a whole than is the complementary philosophy of the suburban commuter for whom

In headaches and in worry
Vaguely life leaks away . . .

Our total understanding of the age we live in is the greater because some of the most gifted representatives of the younger generation are able and willing to act out in their creative work—in Action painting or 'Beat' poetry or existential fiction—those emotional tensions which, in the less articulate, have no outlet except in resentment or violence against their fellow-creatures.

The society of 'squares' in which Beatniks and other rebels feel themselves to be outsiders has itself recently received much fascinating documentation, both in the cinema and in books, particularly in America, where the psychological and social pressures of an advanced technocratic materialism (resting on a substratum of hidden fear about the future) are seen at their most extreme. Films like *Sweet Smell of Success, Patterns of Power,* or *Executive Suite,* books like *The Organisation Man* and *The Status Seekers,* have familiarized us with a picture of human society scarcely more attractive than that offered by, for instance, the restless, bored teenagers in the recent American film *The Wild One*: a picture of the spiritually middle-aged, distrusting the imagination, obsessed with conformity, security, and self-protection. It is not surprising that Western society, which has appeared to be reaching out towards a renewal of Edwardian vulgarity without Edwardian optimism, should have produced, in the generation which has grown up since Hiroshima, a number of rebels: their symbol in *The Wild One* is the motor-cycle—naked, immediate, essentially a solo instrument—whereas that of 'organisation man' is his expense-account motor-car.

The British censor recently refused a certificate to *The Wild One,* yet gave it an oblique blessing by suggesting that it should be seen as widely as possible through film societies. The film tells the story of a gang of teenagers armed with motor-cycles, who on a week-end 'jag' enter a small town and try to 'live it up'; they meet first resentment, then hostility, then violence; finally, and accidentally, an elderly man is killed. The philosophy behind this film is summed up in a phrase used by the leader of the gang: 'We just go'. *The Wild One* attempts to ask, in terms of, and on behalf of, society as a whole: go where? and to what end?

What They Are Saying

Spanish bases, Kenya, and a debate

THE WEST GERMAN MOVE to establish military supply-bases in Spain has been widely commented on by broadcasters and newspapers. Moscow radio, in an English transmission, said:

> The desire of Bonn revenge-seekers to have their rockets on the territory of other countries is the logical result of the policy of the Western Powers which has encouraged the revival of revanchist militarist forces in Federal Germany in every way. The West German mark has very effectively undermined the position of the British pound, while Bonn was paying London for arms and some people in London believed that, in this way, they would undermine West German rivalry.

In West Germany itself *Westdeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* wrote that 'the fear of a revival of German militarism is still present among Germany's Nato allies, and a good way of countering this fear would be for the Defence Ministry in future to take Nato into its full confidence'. Another West German newspaper, *Der Mittag,* however, took the view that all the excitement has sprung merely from mistrust of Germany. It added:

> Many of our friends are still out to humble us because fifteen years after the collapse of Nazi Germany is not long enough for them. In this they overlook the fact that Germany is quantitatively and qualitatively a part of Europe to be reckoned with.

In France the Socialist *Le Populaire* expressed the hope that West Germany would definitely renounce this project. The Conservative *Le Figaro* called it an 'unfortunate initiative'.

Communist and Middle Eastern broadcasting stations have criticized the British Government's role in the Kenya conference. The 'Voice of Free Africa' in Swahili denounced Iain Macleod for his 'vileness and wickedness in trampling down the rights of Africans and ignoring their demands', and the broadcast went on:

> The British imperialists scored their first victory when they refused to release our elder and parent, Jomo Kenyatta, and allow him to lead the African representatives at the Kenya conference. We can understand that representatives of minorities should be allowed to look after the interests of the minorities, but to allow a majority of foreign representatives to be included in the Council of Ministers is incompatible with human rights.

Cairo radio in Swahili announced, even before the end of the Kenya conference, that the talks had failed, and described the failure as a triumph for African nationalism, the African representatives having rejected proposals which violated human rights. Moscow radio, in an English transmission for Africa, said that not one demand of the Kenya Africans had been met; the British Governor would still have the veto; and Kenya's agrarian question remained unsolved. Peking radio, in English for South and East Africa, was a good deal more vituperative, in a commentary on Britain's policy in Africa. Mr. Macmillan was described as 'the sleek salesman of the most cunning and oldest capitalist class'. His only preoccupation in making his African tour had been how to extend the grip of British capital on its African property, how to influence the African people with a combination of the big stick plus apparent concession.

Moscow radio's dialogue with the B.B.C.'s service in German continues. A Russian commentator, Lev Sokolov, took up a statement by René Halkett, one of 'my London colleagues', who had affirmed that the Soviet people 'knew nothing except what they were told from above'. According to the Russian commentator, Halkett had said, to prove his point, that the Soviet newspapers only report 'things like the harvest in Kirghizia and the coal output in Kazakhstan, but nothing about matters which concern so many people in the West'. The Soviet broadcaster went on:

> In a capitalist state such announcements about harvests and coal output would interest mainly owners, merchants, and speculators. Where to buy, where to sell, where to make a profit—this is the angle of the capitalists. The Soviet people, on the other hand, look at such news from their point of view as the owner of all the means of production. To them it is no matter of indifference what harvest is reaped in Kirghizia and how much coal is produced in Kazakhstan; they know that all of it benefits the state and will be used for their own well-being.

DERRICK SINGTON

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

Did You Hear That?

INCAS, LLAMAS, AND GOLD MINES?

'PEOPLE USUALLY associate Peru with three things—Incas, llamas, and gold mines', said ARTURO GARCIA in 'Today' (Home Service). 'Unfortunately, I am not a descendant of the Incas, I do not breed llamas, and, alas, I do not own a gold mine. But I can still tell you something about my country.

'Peru is more than five times the size of Great Britain, but there are only 10,500,000 of us Peruvians in that large area. The whole country is crossed, from north to south, by the great mountain range of the Andes, with altitudes of over 20,000 feet. Lima, the capital, is on the Pacific coast, a city with more than 1,000,000 inhabitants, where the modern and the ancient are side by side—tall skyscrapers next to austere mansions belonging to a period when the country was ruled by Spain.

'Most of us Peruvians are either descendants of the Indians, or of European—mostly Spanish—stock. I say Indians, and not Incas, because the name Inca applied only to the Emperor who, more than 400 years ago, ruled over an area which today is Peru and also Ecuador and Bolivia.

'Travelling in Peru can be a little trying if you are not prepared for sudden changes of weather and temperature. For example, if you leave Lima in the middle of the summer, where people are basking in the sun at the nearby resorts, you can reach, in less than 100 miles, the Ticlio Pass, on the Andes, which is at an altitude of 15,000 feet. Then another fifty miles further on, you will come down to the picturesque Indian valleys, where you will find direct descendants of the Indians, dressed in their colourful ponchos, going to the village market to sell their products and handicrafts. On reaching the eastern slopes of the mountains, one descends quickly, by steep and winding roads, into the tropical heat of the Amazon jungle. Once there, one can board a steamer in Iquitos, the Peruvian port on the Amazon, and travel 1,500 miles down the river until one reaches the Atlantic on the other other side of South America'.

Architecture of the Spanish-colonial style in Lima

A GESTURE OF GOODWILL

The decision of British trawler owners to withdraw sixty of their ships from the Iceland fishing area during the period of the Law of the Sea Conference this month is being taken philosophically by the trawlermen. JAMES GOODRICH talked to some of the fishermen in the north and spoke about their views in 'Radio Newsreel' (Light Programme).

'Generally the trawlermen accept the situation with mixed feelings, coming out strongly neither one way nor the other', he said. 'They have been working under a great deal of tension ever since the dispute over the twelve-mile fishery limit off Iceland began eighteen months ago. Only a few days ago we had confirmed news that an Icelandic gunboat fired some shots at the Hull trawler 'James Barry'. Some of the trawlermen are glad of the relief from this sort of situation; some see the withdrawal as a possible admission of defeat, giving the rest of the world the impression that we were wrong after all. But the more moderate opinion, and it is, I think, the prevailing one, comes out on the side of the trawler owners, looking upon the withdrawal as a generous gesture of goodwill, a decision which will prevent any possibility of embarrassment to our negotiators.

'The implications of the decision are far reaching. In March last year some seventy trawlers from Hull and Grimsby alone landed catches from Iceland. In April fishing was stepped up to 160-odd ships. Fleetwood in Lancashire relies to a large extent on Icelandic fishing. The ships there are not built for long trips to the alternative grounds off Norway, the White Sea, and Bear Island, where the east-coast men hope to make up for the loss of the whole of the Icelandic fishing during the best season of the year; and at the moment it looks as if the ban will cut right through the Easter period when the biggest landings are made.

'A decision like this affects the industry over a wide area: the port wholesalers will not have the Icelandic quality fish to offer their customers, and the retailer will not be able to offer them to the housewife. But so much depends on the trawlerman: if he can find the fish in alternative areas; if he can make up the tremendous losses of the Icelandic catches, then, as a skipper with nearly thirty years experience of Icelandic fishing told me: "If we get a favourable settlement the sacrifice will have been worth while"'.

A Peruvian Indian woman

THE MENACE OF WASTE OIL

'The main hazard for British seaside resorts is, I suppose, the weather', said NOEL HUGHES in a talk in the Light Programme. 'But running it a close second is the fouling of beaches by dirty oil. Do not imagine for a moment that this is just a trivial problem that concerns only people living on the coast. Some of our favourite beaches are in danger of losing their main attraction because of this menace. And of course it is not only we humans who have to

worry: millions of birds are liable to suffer agonies from oil contamination. Some progress has been made in controlling oil pollution of coastal waters, but a number of south-coast resorts are far from satisfied, and are going to call a conference about it.

'Where does all this oil come from? Ships of all types are to blame, but the worst culprits are the tankers. When oil tankers discharge their crude oil at the refineries, their tanks are lined with thick, dirty oil or sludge. This sludge must be cleaned out before the tankers can refill, and it has been a common practice to swill them out with sea water while the tankers are on their return journey to the oilfields. The sludge floats on the surface and eventually is washed up on the beaches by the tide.

Oily sludge washed up on to a beach in Dorset: 'some of our favourite beaches are in danger of losing their attraction because of this menace'. (Inset) an attendant cleaning oil off stacked deck-chairs

'Here in Britain we suffer rather badly from sludge. The countries of northern and western Europe—including Britain—are all heavy importers of oil, and there are very few oil tankers serving these parts that do not pass through the North Sea or the English Channel. So is it not surprising that Britain has done as much, if not more, than any other nation to solve this problem. In 1954 we called a conference of forty-two nations which drew up the International Convention for the Prevention of the Pollution of the Sea by Oil. But we have also passed an Act of Parliament which is even more severe than the Convention. It is an offence under the Act for any ship of whatever flag to discharge oil in British territorial waters, and an offence for a British ship to discharge oil over a wide area stretching as far out as 1,000 miles west of Ireland. But among the countries which have not yet ratified the Convention is the United States and the countries with flags of convenience.

'It is rumoured that when the conference of south-coast towns meets shortly, the Government will be asked to tackle sludge in a different way. It will be suggested that when a report is received that a patch of oil is floating toward the shore an aircraft should take off and spray the patch with chemical to disperse it. But there is still another method: to use a chemical cleansing plant to clean the tankers of sludge while they are still in port. The sludge would be dried and burned to provide fuel for the cleansing plant. It is a neat solution, and already a handful of British and continental ports are using it. With the world population growing so fast, we ought to have more respect than we do for the sea as a source of food. We ought not to be content with dumping waste oil out of sight; we ought not to dump it at all'.

BRONZE ON A CAMBRIDGESHIRE FARM

A large hoard of late-bronze-age relics was ploughed up recently on a Cambridgeshire farm. It consists mainly of broken tools, weapons, and ornaments, and it is believed to be the stock-in-trade of a bronzesmith living more than 600 years before Christ. RICHARD ROBINSON was one of the first to see these relics, and he spoke about them in 'The Eye-witness' (Home Service).

'I felt a real sense of awe as I handled these relics which probably had not been touched by a man for nearly 3,000 years', he said. 'I could only wonder at the exquisite workmanship by so primitive a people. The spear-heads and axe-heads are beautifully shaped; the swords have intricate patterns carved on the blades, and the handles fitted my hand perfectly. This is believed to be the largest hoard of its kind ever found in this country.

'Fortunately the farmer brothers who ploughed it up realized they had found something important, and called in an expert, the Museum Curator of Bury St. Edmunds. In the meantime they set to with pick and shovel, and after five hours steady work they dug out about a hundredweight and a half of the relics. Then, for the Curator, came the painstaking task of cleaning—he used ordinary soap and water—and identifying the various objects. He found fragments of about a dozen swords, and so far he has managed to piece together two of them.

'In addition to the weapons there are farm implements, such as sickles, and what are known as decorative mounts, used on horse-harness, or on people's clothes. There is also a "mystery" object that looks like a crude comb. This has gone to Oxford University for special study. There have been plenty of Bronze Age finds before, but they have never included a thing like this.

'The hoard is a fascinating reminder of the way of life of those days. Apparently they were pastoral rather than farming people. The bronzesmith, or founder, a skilled craftsman, travelled between their settlements in a certain area, repairing articles and making new ones. The copper and tin for the bronze all had to be imported from Cornwall, Wales, or even Ireland, so in East Anglia it was immensely valuable. The communities would carefully keep their broken articles until the smith called, and he would store them safely until he wanted them for smelting down—hence these hoards which are unearthed from time to time'.

Relics of the Bronze Age recently ploughed up on a farm in Cambridgeshire

German Literature since 1945

By H. E. HOLTHUSEN

OUR point of departure, and at the same time the very focus of our whole inquiry, must needs be the German catastrophe of 1945. In all languages the word 'apocalypse' crops up nowadays with probably too high a degree of smoothness and even lightheartedness. Yet there was no suggestion of literary metaphor in the manner in which a great many of my fellow citizens experienced what happened in that year: for those who had preserved their capacity for feeling anything at all, it was, literally, the apocalypse; it was the zero point of our history. And still, miraculously, one was alive; somewhere, somehow, it was possible to find something to eat and drink; somehow one got along by swapping goods as men did in primitive cultures. There were no means of communication, but none the less the whole nation seemed to be on the move. The ironically radiant sun of this early summer fell upon a scene of unimaginable wretchedness, and yet the nation as a whole had survived; and in the boundless poverty of this survival there was, at the same time, an unheard-of sensation of freedom, the feeling that now any hopeful potentiality of human kind might be translated into actuality.

Only a mind of exceptional naïvety could expect that this rare experience of having reached zero point in every conceivable concern of the body politic would find its expression in literary achievements equal to the novel and revolutionary character of this situation. Therefore, it may be paradoxical but not surprising that after 1945 it was the older generation of writers who knew how to express the new experience with authority. Their names are Gottfried Benn, Bertolt Brecht, Thomas Mann, and Ernst Jünger.

Gottfried Benn

The Berlin dermatologist, essayist, and poet, Gottfried Benn, had reached the age of sixty by the end of the war. He was the only important survivor of the generation of revolutionary poets who, between 1910 and 1920, had led to victory the German expressionist movement.

The young Gottfried Benn, who as early as 1912 had caused a literary sensation and shocked the bourgeois by virtue of the boldness of a new lyric diction, may perhaps be compared with T. S. Eliot in his early Bostonian period. The radical disenchantment with the world of the bourgeois, the fearless disregard of all social, sexual, and aesthetic taboos, and an all but clinically minded obsession with the symptoms of physical and emotional corruption—all this is used by him for the purpose of pushing through to a new image of human existence. The most impressive feature of his poetry, however, is the surprising combination of disillusionment and ecstasy: the grim cynicism of a surgeon and a nostalgic dream of southern seas, the desire to be released from the self-consciousness of a late-comer within the European tradition, and an impassioned mysticism of the dawn of mankind, a mysticism which strives to enlarge the traditional horizon of history by tens of thousands of years. The classical chronology of the occident is replaced by an anthropological vision which attempts to come to grips with the Age of Man as such: that is, man, as Benn puts it, of the quaternary, who now approaches the end of his history. The prophet of this final phase is Nietzsche; and one of Nietzsche's themes sounds for Benn the note of inescapable destiny: it is the theme of nihilism which Benn was to follow up in innumerable variations throughout his work. Yet in Benn's version of it nihilism acquires a curiously positive meaning: 'Nihilism', he says, 'is a sensation of bliss'.

After 1933 Benn identified himself for a brief period with the ideology of National Socialism because he saw in it a variation upon his own intellectual biologism. Yet soon he was a deeply disappointed man. Attacked by the German press of the time as a *Kulturbolschewik* he sought the relative anonymity of a doctor in the German army, which at that time had still preserved a good deal of its political detachment. In 1949, after having been banned for many years, first by the nazis and later by the authorities of the allies, Benn had his literary come-back. Nobody showed himself as adept as he at coining brilliant cynicisms concerning the tragic meaninglessness of the political world and the rummage sale of all spiritual traditions. At the same time it is true to say that nobody else had at his disposal the persuasive expressiveness and the haunting mellowness of Benn's verse; nobody else came so close to tuning in with the most enchanting melodies of our classical and Romantic poetry (as associated with the names of Goethe, Novalis, and Eichendorff).

Bertolt Brecht

The name of Brecht is usually recited together with that of Benn—perhaps for reason of alliteration; yet it would be difficult to think of a more radical contrast than that between these two men. For Brecht the zero point of 1945 does not mark the disappearance of the last trace of any reason in history, but, on the contrary, the beginning of a new era—at least in the eastern part of Germany.

There is little doubt that Brecht, from a certain moment of his development, did believe in the truth of dialectical materialism. Yet this does not answer the question to what extent this belief dominated his consciousness, and, above all, how much it meant, or could possibly mean, for his imaginative vision of man and his world. Georg Lukacs, the oracle of socialist realism, has never acknowledged Brecht as a genius of socialism. Whatever he has published in his later years in praise of Stalin and the Communist state is so platitudinous as to lend credence to the assumption that we must look for the springs of his creative power in a region deeper than politics. The prototype of all his heroes is a certain Baal, the unheroic hero of one of his early plays. It is no mere chance that he bears the name of the Syrian god of the earth and of fertility. He is the god of vitality, of the insatiable will to live at any price—the god who gloatingly feeds on all the pastures of this world.

Compared with this primitive but expressive symbol, the later works of Thomas Mann have the appeal of an infinitely complex epilogue to the splendour, irretrievably lost, of the burgher's cultural achievement. He had felt and thought most deeply about the meaning of the word 'German', about the greatness as well as the utter precariousness of German history. Thus he was justified in making the German catastrophe itself the subject of a vast symphonic narrative. His *Doctor Faustus*, published in 1947, is without the slightest doubt the most direct, and in all probability the most important, attempt in coming to literary terms with the German apocalypse. The book is conceived as a tragic parody, if you will allow me to use the word 'parody' as Thomas Mann himself used it, of the greatest achievement of our classical literature. Again, as he had done in *The Magic Mountain*, Thomas Mann sketches the intellectual scene of an epoch, this time in the key of an apocalyptic *furioso* and with the desperate consistency of a man who will not allow for even the slightest doubt that Germany had reached its end, that by its fruits it had been reduced to absurdity.

Mann's Last Masterpiece

The truly terrible effort of writing this, his most unruly and most agonized book, led to illness, even to the verge of death. But he did survive the crisis, he did write books after *Doctor Faustus*, books that were easier to write and easier to read, and thus proved in his own person that German intellectual and literary history had, in fact, the audacity to continue. In 1954 he published his last masterpiece, *The Confessions of Felix Krull*,

the confidence man. It is, once again, a splendid accomplishment of the genius of his irony and of his style, ceremoniously involved and designed to provide higher amusement for a world deserted by the muses.

Ernst Jünger

And finally, Ernst Jünger (born in 1895), the fourth of the established authorities of the older generation. Like Benn, he too has his roots in the literary sensibility of expressionism and, like Benn, has moved, with varying degrees of steadiness, in the orbit of Nietzsche's thought. But what, above all, he shares with Benn is the readiness to reflect upon his own historical situation. Their common theme lies in the persistent exploration of the conditions imposed upon their minds and souls by the fact that they happen to be born in this particular age and no other: it is the diagnosis of the *Lage*. The German word *Lage*, the 'position', of which both are singularly fond, carries with it something of the atmosphere of the diction of military headquarters. And this is by no means accidental: in the case of both these writers it is of considerable biographical and thematic significance that their idea of living was partly determined by their experience as soldiers.

It would be hard to think of a more complete contrast than that which exists between Thomas Mann and Ernst Jünger, between their respective careers, characters, styles, and themes; and yet we find that Jünger, in the hour of German collapse, arrives at precisely the same conclusion as the author of *Doctor Faustus*. At the same moment when Thomas Mann—he, too, a disciple of Nietzsche's—inaugurates his Californian alliance with Roosevelt's anti-fascism, Jünger enters into secret negotiations with high-placed German army officers in Paris, sworn enemies of Hitler; and while Thomas Mann commissions his new Faust 'to take back, to cancel, the Ninth Symphony' and to compose the desperate oratorio with that uncannily high note which was to express hope beyond hopelessness, Jünger, in the uniform of a captain of the German *Wehrmacht*, immerses himself in the meditation of history's 'absolute zero point'. It is possible to say that he has signed, by the side of Thomas Mann, the capitulation of the German Doctor Faustus.

As for the prose writers among my own generation, I should have, in order to be exact, to draw a confusing variety of patterns, I shall not bore you with a long list of names, unfortunately almost as quickly forgotten as mentioned; instead, I shall confine myself to a brief discussion of only two writers who, by virtue of the steadiness of their growth as artists, the originality of their themes and conceptions, and the unmistakable identity of their language, deserve particular attention, and justly have achieved a measure of international reputation: Heinrich Böll, born in 1917, and Gerd Gaiser, born in 1908.

Heinrich Böll and Gerd Gaiser

Both have made their names with books about the war; and both books—just as do most of the other examples of the all-but unmanageable welter of books about this subject—show that the *Fronterlebnis*, the front-line experience, of the first world war, again and again interpreted in either a 'leftist' or 'rightist' manner, either in the spirit of militarism or of pacificism, had not repeated itself in this generation. Anything that smacks of 'patriotism' or 'ideology' had no chance of being taken seriously any more. To bear testimony, these writers feel, is all that can be done: faithfully to report on a new and extreme form of the human condition which transcends everything hitherto believed to be possible.

Böll's later novels and short stories have usually as their scenes the world of the present-day German middle class. His language is concrete, sensitive, and often satirical, his moral seriousness is determined, on the one hand, by a kind of rebellious catholicism, and, on the other hand, by his sympathy with 'the little man', the man in the street. Secure within the Catholic tradition of the Rhineland, his home, and none the less a social critic, a melancholy, grumbling non-conformist: this is a mixture of ingredients almost bound to be successful in Adenauer's Germany; for in Adenauer's Germany the universal malaise of the intellectuals is merely the logical response to the 'economic miracle', the so-called 'restoration' of bourgeois society. At bottom, the proverbial optimism of the Minister of Economic Affairs and the furious pessimism of financially affluent writers get on excellently with each other: indeed, one is tempted to speak of a harmonious co-operation.

Compared with Böll, Gaiser is an outsider; for this is what a man is in contemporary Germany if he does not share the general conformism of non-conformists. Gaiser is hardly interested in social criticism; he steers free of all ideological whirlpools, even where his subject matter is a sector of contemporary society, as, for instance, in his most recent novel *Schlussball*—'Coming-out Dance'. Gaiser returns again and again to the contemplation of Germany's military catastrophe during the years 1943 to 1945.

Of the ideas and moods with which the young generation is preoccupied I shall mention but a single one, that is the socio-political passion which motivates so many of them. They are wild-eyed opponents of the Adenauer régime and its social atmosphere. Their orientation is instinctively leftist although they do not believe in a German political left wing. They hate power as such and its institutions, they hate the Church, capitalism, the atom bomb, money, and organized society, without thereby becoming communists. Although they despise the bourgeoisie they cannot take the worker seriously either. With all the means at their disposal they attempt to shatter taboos, to make scandals, to provoke cries of indignation, and in return they are regarded with benevolence by the cultural managers of the Maecenas of industry who crown them with literary prizes. In a word, they are the 'angry young men' of the federal republic.

They live in precisely the same grotesque euphoria as their spiritual brothers in England. The very society which they attack with such fury is enchanted with their bad manners and is charmed above all by their talent for giving such ebulliently youthful expression to the general malaise.

'The Toy Drum'

Of the prose achievements of this group I would like to mention but a single novel, the highly acclaimed *Blechtrommel*, 'The Toy Drum', last year's literary sensation. Its author is Günter Grass, born in 1927, an artist of extraordinarily diverse talents who had already distinguished himself as a sculptor, a lyric poet, and as the author of some grotesque little plays in the manner of Beckett, Ionesco, Adamov, before he occasioned so much furore with his book, and with it alone put himself at the pinnacle of his generation. His 750 pages are an irresistible whirlpool of narrative, vitality, and well-nigh inexhaustible imagination. In this book Oskar Mazearat—a man some thirty years old who is a patient in a mental institution—tells the story of his life and that of his ancestors and his family: a raging cynic, carrying blasphemy as far as the black mass, a satirist with a touch of genius, an unrestrained violator of taboos where there are thought to be no more taboos; author of the most scandalous book of our day, more scandalous than half a dozen *Lolitas*. A priapic hero, sexuality the ultimate directional principle in a world without a moral or ideological compass; sexuality, *ésprit*, and a tremendous facility with narrative invention; biography as a breath-taking succession of scurrilous episodes: the book is a barbaric counterpart to Thomas Mann's *Felix Krull*, a picaresque novel on a grand scale.

It is certainly not the most glorious period of our literary development. With all its shortcomings, however, it is the expression of our own experience, our life as we must live it here and now.—*Third Programme*

The first number of a new quarterly, *A Review of English Literature* (Longmans, 4s.), has appeared, under the editorship of Professor A. Norman Jeffares. It includes an essay by Graham Hough on a neglected novelist, George Moore; Edmund Blunden on Tom Hood; some thoughts on metre by Professor C. S. Lewis and on translation by J. M. Cohen. Creative writing is represented by a single, but fine, poem by Roy Fuller. It is to be hoped that this quarterly, academic yet not narrow, will achieve the wide audience at which its editor is aiming.

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The Diary of John Evelyn has now been added to the 'Oxford Standard Authors' series (30s.). The text is that of E. S. de Beer's authoritative six-volume edition.

The Emperor Marcus Aurelius

By P. A. BRUNT

This is the first of three talks on Roman Emperors. Future talks will deal with Diocletian and Julian the Apostate

GIBBON once wrote that 'if a man were called to fix the period in the history of the world during which the condition of the human race was most happy and prosperous, he would, without hesitation, name that which elapsed from the death of Domitian to the accession of Commodus'. In this long period, from A.D. 96 to 180, a professional army guarded Rome's distant frontiers from Hadrian's Wall to the Euphrates, and released her subjects from the constant fear of sudden invasions and violent death which had hitherto been the lot of most of mankind. Under their protection trade flourished, and cultivation was extended, Gauls and Africans learned to speak the language of Cicero and Virgil and to imitate their style, and quite small towns built, at enormous cost, halls and temples, gymnasia and theatres, markets, aqueducts, and sewers. A contemporary says that the towns gleamed with radiance and charm, and that the whole earth had been beautified like a garden. Even today magnificent ruins may astound the traveller in the midst of what has since become a desert.

Marcus Aurelius: a marble bust from Cyrene, North Africa, in the British Museum

All this had its darker side. Millions of slaves were bought and sold as chattels and were not much better protected against ill treatment than horses or dogs are today. Grave inequalities existed among the free. The high official was paid 300 or 400 times as much as the common soldier. Most of the free population were peasants; the rents and taxes extracted from them supported the splendour of the towns, but they had little share in urban amenities or in the culture of the age. It was they who furnished Rome with her soldiers, and in the next century they showed that they had no true sense of solidarity with the gentry and bourgeoisie. That was an important factor in the dissolution of the empire. But this lay in the future. For the present no fears were entertained. Men thought that 'the immense majesty of the Roman peace' would last for ever. Rome was already seen as the eternal city. In the age of the hydrogen bomb we may be tempted to value the Roman achievement even more highly than Gibbon.

Detail from the Column of Marcus Aurelius in Rome: the arrival of the Emperor in a village that is being sacked

It was the government of this empire that Marcus Aurelius took over in 161. At the age of forty he was an experienced man, and had been groomed for his task since boyhood. He reigned till 180, with absolute power. It was a time of continual wars that foreshadowed the end of Rome's halcyon epoch. Syria was invaded by the Parthians, and though, by way of reprisal, the Roman armies entered Mesopotamia, the heart of the Parthian realm, and burned down its chief cities, they brought back with them a plague that half desolated the empire. In the north there were frequent attacks, which even penetrated into Italy; Marcus repelled them in ceaseless fighting, portrayed in the reliefs of the Column that still stands at Rome. His methods were ruthless; neither age nor sex was spared. These efforts wore him down to a premature old age and early death in 180. Yet when he died he had, to all appearance, restored the empire's stability and was even on the point of pushing the frontiers forward. He had competently performed the principal duties of a Roman emperor.

But was this enough? According to Plato no improvement may be expected in government or society until philosophers become rulers or rulers turn to philosophy. Marcus was a philosopher. In all the anxieties and hardships of his campaigns, he found moments to set down his reflections on divine providence and the duty of man. And his *Meditations*, which are merely disconnected jottings, intended, it would seem, simply to comfort and strengthen his own spirit, have somehow survived. They give us an insight into his intimate thoughts, such as we possess for no other ruler in antiquity, and for few in any age.

Marcus was a Stoic. The doctrines he accepted had arisen in the Greek world of the third century B.C. In an earlier time Greeks had thought that the welfare of the individual was bound up with the welfare of his city, and that by exercising his rights as a citizen he could have some influence on his own fate. But by the third century B.C. the cities were reduced to impotence by the rise of

great monarchies. The individual was apparently at the mercy of forces beyond his own control. Stoicism saved its adherents from a sense of insecurity by teaching them that, after all, a man's happiness depended only on his own character and will. Happiness was always in his reach, however wretched the conditions of his life might seem to be. He had only to recognize that the world order is in fact divine and rational, and that he himself is a part of this divine order and in virtue of his own reason able to comprehend it. He could say with Marcus that 'Everything is fitting for me, my Universe, which fits thy purpose; nothing in thy good time is too early for me, or too late'. He must welcome whatever happens, and then he can never be disappointed. 'Do not ask', says another Stoic writer, 'that things should go as you wish, but wish them to go as they do; and you will have a fair course'. It was even said that the good man could be happy as a slave or on the rack.

In the Roman world, governed by an absolute monarch, this doctrine retained all its old relevance and attraction. But the Stoics were not content to prescribe joyful acceptance of the dispensations of providence; they also taught that men should act, and act as reasonable beings. It was reasonable, they admitted, for men to seek riches, or health, or honour. But not only for themselves. All men, they held, have a share in divine reason; therefore, all men are kin; so we ought to work for the good of all men. Marcus adjured himself to rejoice and never cease in doing acts of fellowship, keeping God in remembrance. He said that men came into the world for the sake of each other, and he himself, as Emperor, was born to protect his subjects.

Stoicism and a Brotherhood of Man

Stoicism acquired great influence over the minds of men, even outside the circle of full believers, and it contained the germ of a movement for improving society in the faith that all men are brothers. But its reforming tendency was weakened by the conviction that the existing order must be providential. Moreover, it was essential for a Stoic that his happiness must not depend on circumstances beyond his control. You should do all you could to restore your ailing wife to health; but the disease might be incurable; when she died, you must not repine but accept the event with joy. One Stoic says you may console a friend in grief, and even sigh with him; but the sighs must not come from the heart, for nothing must disturb your own peace of mind. Marcus warns himself against enthusiasm. But can there be an effective reforming movement without enthusiasm?

Many scholars have thought that Stoicism did much to improve the lot of slaves. Certainly in the second century it was made easier for slaves to rise to freedom and the law began to give them some protection against ill-usage. This was just a trend, shown in minor changes: some date from Marcus's reign. Yet I am not sure that Stoicism had much to do with this trend. Marcus never mentions slaves—or the free proletariat. A sincere Stoic master was bound to respect the divinity present in the person of his slave, but he was under no obligation to free him, still less to seek the abolition of slavery, an idea that did not occur to anyone, even Christians, in the ancient world. Slavery was part of the providential order. Moreover, a slave could be just as morally good as a free man, and in the last analysis moral goodness was the only thing of real value to Stoics. Slaves, it was true, might be subject to barbarous treatment, but to the Stoic pleasure had no value, and pain was in no sense evil.

We cannot say that ideas of equality or humanity gained ground in the second century. Torture was more and more employed in criminal cases. Savage punishments, once reserved for slaves, were now extended to all persons of the lower classes. Workmen or peasants were crucified or thrown to the beasts for offences for which gentry would be banished, or at the worst, beheaded. Marcus himself enacted or maintained such rules. Nothing in Roman society strikes us as so inhuman as the gladiatorial games; and in this period a Greek philosopher said that the Athenians could not hold them, unless they first pulled down the altar of Mercy. Marcus abjured the profits the government had drawn from them through taxation, 'stained with human blood.' But this did not abolish or reduce the number of these shows; it simply made them cheaper for the producers, and indeed it was their complaints of the cost that brought about the reform.

Nowadays we boast of a rising standard of living; we are apt to think that progress involves the multiplication and increased satisfaction of wants, and we look to science and technology to achieve this. A great Stoic thinker, Posidonius of Rhodes, two centuries before Marcus, had held that it was a proper task for philosophers to make useful inventions. His successors rejected the idea. Marcus never refers to it. Indeed it was incompatible with the later Stoic belief that happiness comes to men who drain their desires away and not to those who strive to fulfil them.

Unalterable Order of Society

In Marcus's time Stoicism sought only to convert the individual, not to reform society. Since society was providentially ordered, each man had to take up the post assigned to him and fulfil whatever duties custom required, 'the rich man in his castle, the poor man at the gate'. Marcus, for instance, was born a ruler, and though he would have preferred a private life of contemplation, though he took no delight in his wars—he thought that there was no more glory in his capturing Sarmatians than in a spider catching flies—he was bound, as he says, to 'act as a Roman and as a ruler who had taken up his post'. But he saw his task as one of routine. It was enough for him to model himself on his predecessor, the estimable Emperor Pius, to copy his industry, frugality, and good temper, not to be 'Caesarified'. But he told himself not to hope for Plato's Utopia, and he gave effect to no new principles of government.

This lack of originality had long been characteristic of the Roman Empire. For 150 years there had been little new in literature or philosophy or science or industrial and agricultural techniques. This stagnation is surely a symptom of incipient decline. The structure of the state, too, remained fundamentally the same, and the emperors devoted their efforts almost wholly to maintaining the *status quo*. With few exceptions they renounced territorial expansion and limited themselves to securing peace and order. Thereby they had made it possible for some advances to take place in material well-being and the diffusion of a civilized way of life, but they were not much concerned to promote these advances directly. And there was no hope of continuing progress: men thought only of keeping things as they were—not a very inspiring ideal.

Even this limited objective was held to be chiefly a matter for the all-wise emperor. Hadrian's officials had spoken of his unceasing care and continuous vigilance for the interests of all mankind. That sounded well, but what it meant was that an autocrat was expected to take all important decisions. Subjects were simply to obey. When Christians would not offer the pagan sacrifices they were ordered to make, it was held that their disobedience by itself merited death. For their own security, or in the name of more efficient administration, the emperors had long ago extinguished the political liberty of the Roman aristocracy. Care for efficiency was now leading them to curtail self-government in the cities. That reduced municipal graft and corruption, but it robbed the towns of the sense that their welfare rested on what they could do for themselves. Everywhere initiative was stifled. A Greek millionaire in the second century thought of cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Corinth; he dared not proceed, for fear of being held over-ambitious for a subject. The upper classes drew the biggest dividends from the class structure Roman rule upheld. They were never tired of praising the Roman Empire. But they were less and less ready to work for it.

Rome, the 'Common Fatherland'

People spoke of Rome as 'our common fatherland'. The acid test of patriotism is surely readiness to die for one's country. By this test patriotism was low among the upper classes and those who best understood the civilization Rome protected. They were disappearing from the army. They left fighting to the peasantry of the least civilized provinces, and in the next century men of peasant stock were to save and then dominate the state. Those who owed most to Rome, and could have given most to her and to the preservation of her civilization, had come to feel that the state was not their responsibility.

Perhaps Marcus had some inkling of this. He says that he admired a political system based on equality and freedom; but he did nothing to realize this ideal. He even bequeathed absolute

power to a son whose misrule ended in devastating civil wars. Dynastic succession, too, was part of the tradition, which it was not for a Stoic to disturb.

Despite his conviction that all is ordered for the best, Marcus found the actual conditions of life petty and disgusting. He compares the activity of men to that of ants toiling with their loads or to the scurryings of startled mice. He did not believe that things had been different in the past or could be better in the future. For consolation he turned to meditation on the City of God, the divine world behind appearances. Only a few passages in his work reveal that he was ruler of the empire. He is preoccupied with his own spiritual experience. In this too he was perhaps typical of his age. Deprived of political liberty and its opportunities, hopeless of improving society by their own efforts, men were thrown back on themselves. For those who were not satisfied with trying to get rich, the great question was 'What shall I do to be saved?' This is the question that dominates Marcus's own thoughts. Most men were less capable than he of understanding intricate philosophical arguments, nor could they find comfort in the chilly doctrines of philosophers who held out no promise of a future life. Mystical religions, which did make this promise, offered a more popular refuge to men who found no nourishment in the peace of this world, guaranteed by Rome. The Christians were not the only people who looked for a city whose builder and maker was God, and desired a better country, that is, an heavenly. Renan said that in Marcus's time the world was putting on the monk's cowl. Perhaps it was not without importance that in the next two centuries, when the preservation of the empire did require the utmost energies of all its people, so many of the best men had their eyes fixed on celestial sabbaths, and not on temporal vicissitudes. Marcus's creed kept him strenuously faithful to the duties of an old Roman, and yet in his *Meditations* we can see a tendency at work, boding no good for the survival of the empire, to despise political and social action and attach value only to the spiritual perfection of the individual soul.—*Third Programme*

The Gospel According to Thomas

By G. QUISPEL

RECENTLY there was published in England the Coptic text and English translation of the Gospel of Thomas*. This publication makes available to the general public a work about which there has been some mystery, much speculation, and great expectation. Careful scholarship may be able to dispel part of the mystery, considerably reduce the amount of speculation, and at the same time qualify sharply some of the expectations aroused by this text.

Discovery by Accident

The Gospel of Thomas was found by accident. Farmers, probably while digging in a cemetery near Nag Hamadi in Upper Egypt in 1945 or 1946, came across a collection of about 1,000 leaves of papyrus manuscript. This collection was later found to contain some forty-nine works written in Coptic, of which the Gospel of Thomas was one. It must be obvious to any reader that this 'gospel', so-called, is not a gospel in the traditional sense at all, but a collection of about 114 sayings or logia attributed to Jesus. It purports to have been written by the Apostle Thomas, but since it must have been written in the second century, probably about A.D. 140, the Apostle cannot have been the author.

But whether the Apostle Thomas was or was not the author of the Gospel of Thomas is a matter of secondary importance compared with the question which immediately arises as soon as one starts to read the 114 sayings. Did Jesus speak any of these logia attributed to him? The first step towards answering that question is to ask another: What is the relationship of the Gospel of Thomas to the canonical gospels?

We can dismiss straight away any idea that the Gospel of Thomas was compiled *in toto* from books of the New Testament. None of the sayings agrees word for word with the text of our canonical gospels. One can assume, therefore, as a working hypothesis, that none of the sayings found in the Gospel of Thomas was taken directly from Matthew, Mark, or Luke. Indeed, some of the logia could not have taken the form they possess if they had been lifted directly out of the canonical gospels. For example, logion 71 of the Gospel of Thomas states: 'Jesus said: I shall destroy this house and no one will be able to build it again'. Yet, in the Gospel of Mark, the destruction of the temple is not something which Jesus affirms, but is a false accusation advanced by false witnesses against him. So it seems highly improbable that whoever wrote logion 71 in the Gospel of Thomas took it from Mark or from the other canonical gospels which repeat what Mark says occurred during the trial of Jesus.

It is true that about half the 114 sayings have parallels in the canonical gospels; and occasionally a saying does approximate closely to the biblical version. But even then the forms of such logia betray the fact that they have not been transmitted within a community which shared the interests and outlook evidenced in the canonical books. Thus, in the Gospel of Thomas it is recorded in the parable of the invitations that the master told his servant, without further specification, to go out on to the roads and bring whomsoever he found there to dine with the master. Luke, however, who is so often interested in the calling of the Gentiles, tells us in his parable of the invitations that the master sent his servant first into the streets and lanes of the city, and then into the highways and hedges outside. Thus, Luke's parable must be interpreted as meaning that not only is the sinner within Israel invited but the Gentiles outside Israel are to be called as well. The Gospel of Thomas does not show here any specific interest in the calling of the Gentiles. It reflects the opinion of a community not keenly interested in a mission to the pagan world. It becomes clear, in the light of the different perspectives from which these two versions of the parable were written, that Luke could not possibly —in this instance—have served as a source for 'Thomas'.

Other cases in the Gospel of Thomas and the canonical gospels offer less clear parallels than the two I have discussed; and in no case—even where there is a similarity between the Gospel of Thomas and the canonical gospels—is there any convincing indication that any of the sixty or so logia concerned were taken from the canonical gospels. It would be rash, therefore, to assume that even the close parallels in 'Thomas' came directly from a New Testament source.

A Rejected Theory

The converse theory has been put forward that the 'Thomas' logia constitute one of the sources of the canonical gospels. I would reject this view altogether: and I do not see how one could affirm, with any degree of confidence, that some of the sayings in the Gospel of Thomas lie at the root of our gospel traditions and have been derived from sources used by Mark, Luke, or Matthew. It seems to me impossible to believe that this collection of so-called sayings of Jesus, even in a conjectural older form, was written during the first years after the Crucifixion; and that it was originally similar to the collection Matthew and Luke are said to have known, and very similar to the one which Mark is alleged to have made use of. Such a collection of sayings would contain a lengthy invective against the Scribes and Pharisees, as is found, for instance, in Luke's Gospel: 'Woe to you lawyers, for you have taken away the key of knowledge; you did not enter yourselves, and you hindered those who were entering'.

The Gospel of Thomas shows signs of having been taken from

* Collins, 18s.

a context very different from that indicated in Luke. In 'Thomas', logion 39 states, without any imprecations or show of hostility, that the scribes and pharisees have received the keys of knowledge and have hidden them. That is to say, the Gospel of Thomas assumes that the pharisees were the legitimate heirs of the traditions given by Moses; and it adopts an appreciative attitude towards them as a class. Logion 39, then, reflects a Christian community—yes; but one which took a much more favourable view of the Pharisees than is characteristic of the New Testament writings. Therefore, the saying in this form not only cannot be identified with the source of Matthew and Luke, but reflects a later development of the tradition, in a community which had reasons to stress their appreciation. When one realizes that not one single saying agrees completely with the reconstructed text of the hypothetical source of Matthew and Luke, it seems simply perverse to maintain that the Gospel of Thomas, as a written document, should ever, in any phase of its development, have been identical with the supposed source of Matthew and Luke.

The New Wine and the Old Wine-skins

Nor is it really possible to believe that Mark used these sayings as a source. The wording in the Marcan parallels to the 'Thomas' logia is frequently very different; and there is often a sharp divergence of meaning. When Mark warns that one should not put new wine into old wine-skins, he certainly means that the new wine is to be put into fresh skins. The implications of the saying, in Mark, are clearly progressive. In contrast to this, the Gospel of Thomas remarks that no man drinks old wine and immediately desires to drink new wine. The author warns his readers that they should not put the good old wine into a new wine-skin because in that case the wine would be spoiled. His attitude is evidently one of caution; and the conservative overtone implies that one should not be too ready to accept innovations. It is difficult to imagine how Mark could 'reproduce' a source which said exactly the contrary of what he meant.

True, Luke is sometimes fairly close to the Gospel of Thomas, particularly in those cases where he offers a special tradition not contained in any of the other gospels; but still it cannot be said that Luke used this source: the differences are in every case too great. In the parable of the rich man, Luke tells us how this man of wealth, by his boasting, provoked disaster: 'I will say to my soul, Soul, you have ample goods laid up for many years. Take your ease, eat, drink, be merry'. In the Gospel of Thomas nothing of this kind occurs; for there the man simply invests his money 'in order to lack nothing'; but he neglects to reckon with death, and that very night he dies. It is the same basic story, but with very different wording and with rather different emphasis.

Let me repeat my conclusion on this point. Although it would be difficult to demonstrate in every case that the Gospel of Thomas is not the source of our gospel tradition, in no single instance has it been shown that the Gospel of Thomas served as a source for that tradition. So there are no good grounds for assuming that the written tradition of the Gospel of Thomas served as a source for the canonical traditions.

An Independent Tradition?

If the sayings found in the Gospel of Thomas are not taken from our canonical gospels and are not the root or source of them, we are left with the possibility that they reflect an independent tradition. Such a tradition would have been transmitted in a milieu entirely different from that in which our gospels originated and would probably have been written down at a rather late date, but certainly before A.D. 100. This is conceivable: the primitive Christian community of Jerusalem, according to tradition, left the Holy City before its fall in A.D. 70 and migrated to Trans-Jordan, where it lived almost completely isolated from the development of the great Church. The members of that community continued to speak Aramaic, the language of Jesus and his disciples. They soon developed views of their own about the position of James, 'the brother of the Lord', who had been their leader in Jerusalem. They acquired a fresh appreciation of the Pharisees, in spite of the canonical record of what Jesus had said on this subject and to members of that body itself.

It is reasonable enough then to trace many sayings of the Gospel of Thomas back to that Jewish-Christian milieu. Not infrequently the form of these sayings suggests that they have been transmitted in a community which shared the theological views of the Jewish-Christians. I can give a number of instances that illustrate this point: as when James is appointed by Jesus as his successor and is called 'the righteous one for whose sake heaven and earth came into being; or, again, when it is stressed that the Pharisees are the legitimate recipients of the Mosaic tradition; when, in the parable of the wicked tenants, no allusion is made to the fall of Jerusalem; and when the sayings fail to take note in any way of the transmission of the reign of the kingdom from Jews to the Gentiles. Form criticism can show, from time to time, where the tradition of the Gospel of Thomas reflects the structure of the Jewish-Christian community; and these sayings have demonstrably been translated from the Aramaic which the Jewish-Christian community continued to speak. The Diatessaron of Tatian, a gospel harmony written about A.D. 170, which certainly used Jewish-Christian traditions, has so much in common with some of the logia in the Gospel of Thomas that it may help us to identify the Jewish-Christian sayings within this collection.

Transmitted from the Aramaic

The first half of logion 16 is found almost word for word in Jewish-Christian literature. It must have been taken from a Jewish-Christian gospel tradition; and it must have been transmitted from the Aramaic; for, as Professor Guillaumont has pointed out, the phrase, 'there shall be five in a house: three shall be against two and two against three', found in logion 16, is a Semitic form of speech. We find this last phrase in the Diatessaron exactly as it is in the Gospel of Thomas. For these several reasons and from these examples, it is fair to conclude that at least some of the sayings of Jesus were taken from an independent tradition originally written in Aramaic and transmitted within a Jewish-Christian community. One cannot say that this is always a better tradition than we have in the canonical gospels or that it renders exactly what Jesus said, since it must have gone through a long oral tradition in which details were rapidly modified.

My conclusion—after applying to the Gospel of Thomas all the legitimate means at my disposal—Aramaisms, form criticism, echoes and parallels in Jewish-Christian literature and the Diatessaron—is that about half of the 114 sayings are of Jewish Christian origin and reflect an independent tradition. They might go back to the teaching of Jesus himself, even if they are new and completely unknown. As Professor Puech has shown, some of the other sayings in this compilation are to be found in apocryphal and gnostic or Manichaean writings already known. Mani and his adherents knew the Gospel of Thomas and quoted from it. But it seems that even before him such gnostics as Valentinus, Basilides, and Ptolemaeus knew and quoted these sayings, which though rather pre-gnostic than gnostic in the technical sense of the word, were at the root of their gnostic speculations. About half the sayings have such a gnosticizing character and therefore in their present form are certainly not authentic sayings of the Lord. But they may well help us to explain how gnosticism originated in the second century.

Professor Paul Minear has neatly summarized the value of the Gospel of Thomas when he says: 'It advances our knowledge of developing second-century gnosticism; it offers many important implications for the history of the text of the New Testament; it provides help in advancing the form-critical analysis of the history of the sayings of Jesus; it underscores the importance of the Jewish-Christian Church during the first two centuries'.

—*Third Programme*

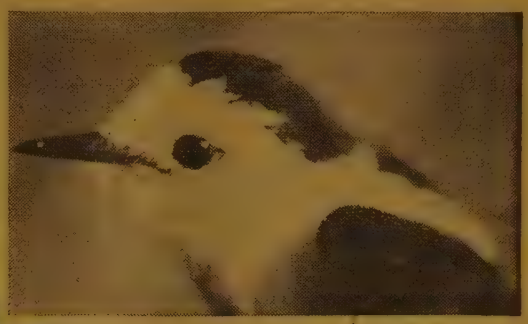
Edgar H. Brookes is the author of *The City of God and the Politics of Crisis*, published by the Oxford University Press (10s. 6d.). This book is a reflection by a Christian layman about the relevance of St. Augustine's *De Civitate Dei* to the present situation of Christians in more than one country. The thought of writing it 'first came to me', says Mr. Brookes 'as I considered the desperate situation of my own country—the Union of South Africa'.

A 'Majestic Spectacle' among Animals

A. J. CAIN discusses adaptive radiation and convergence

FROM zoos and films everybody knows a large number of different sorts of animal. But few people know exactly where they come from or what they do in the wild. As a result many people miss the most majestic spectacle that living things can offer—what we call adaptive radiation, and its consequence, convergence. The principle behind it is simple. Any given stock of animals evolves to take advantage of whatever opportunities occur in the region it occupies, and the different sorts of animals living together in any region have to specialize in different ways of life if they are to avoid too intense competition with each other. This is wholly general. It should apply to all groups of animals in all the great regions of the world.

And so it does. Nothing has struck me more forcibly in my travels in North and South America and Australasia, and again on returning to Britain, than its widespread applicability. To take one simple example: in any area where there are trees bearing soft small fruits, there is a vacancy for a bird to feed on them and to specialize on them if it can get the fruits throughout the year. In Britain, the common medium-sized fruit eater in trees is the missel-thrush (though it is true it has to turn to other things at times of the year when the fruits are not available). In the Pacific, in the Solomon Islands, which are covered with tropical rain-forest, there are small fruits available in trees almost all the year round. But the bird that takes them in the trees is not our missel-thrush, it is the barred cuckoo-shrike, a songbird related not to the missel-thrush but to other cuckoo-shrikes, trillers, caterpillar-eaters, and minivets in the Old World tropics. Then, if you go to South America, the corresponding bird there is neither a cuckoo-shrike nor a thrush. The corresponding mode of life there is taken over by the tanagers, which are a family confined to the New World and mostly tropical. The particular species that most resembles the barred cuckoo-shrike is the blue saki, *Thraupis episcopus*. The resemblance between these two in stance, flight, agility, food, and habitat is truly remarkable, and the missel-thrush, similar in proportions of beak, legs, wings, and tail, is quite close too.

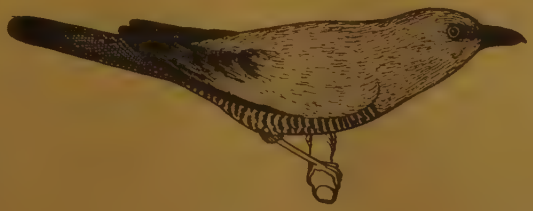


Examples of adaptive radiation among birds of the same stock in South America: left, the kiskadee, which parallels a shrike; right, top, a tyrant flycatcher, which parallels a water wagtail; and right, below, the blue saki of British Guiana, which parallels the British missel-thrush

A large species of the South American so-called bush-shrikes which parallel the insect-eating thrushes

These three species of bird illustrate convergence—the close resemblance of unrelated species, acquired because in different regions of the Earth they have taken up much the same mode of life. If, however, we compare these species with their relatives we get the converse of convergence, namely adaptive radiation, in other words the divergence in the same region of closely related members of the same stock to take up different modes of life.

The big group of songbirds that includes the true thrushes is characteristic of the Old World; its ancestral stock has produced both the thrushes and the warblers, and the true flycatchers. Of the thrushes some are mostly fruit eaters, others keep to insects, some are ground livers, others live in low bushes, others in the tops of high trees. And the true flycatchers range from very small birds to some as large as a big shrike and with similar habits. But in South America, almost all of this great group are absent. There a different stock has produced much the same repertoire



Adaptive radiation and convergence in the Solomon Islands: two so-called cuckoo-shrikes of which the white-bellied species, *Coracina papuensis* (right), because of its habits, converges on the kiskadee; and below, *Coracina lineata* (the barred cuckoo-shrike) which, although closely related to the white-bellied species, is a fruit-eater converging on the blue saki and on the missel-thrush

of types. The medium to small fruit eaters are the tanagers; the warblers are not the Old World warblers but the vireos and parulids. The ground-thrushes are replaced by ant-birds, and the true flycatchers by the tyrant flycatchers, an entirely New World group. Another South American family from the same stock is that of the cotingas, medium to large fruit and insect eaters, paralleling the fruit-eating starlings and mynahs of the Old World. Yet another is that of the honey suckers or cœrebids, sucking nectar from flowers and juices from fruit, and paralleling remarkably the sun-birds of Africa and the Orient, and the smaller honey eaters of Australasia.

The Tyrants

The tyrants, which I have just mentioned, include a great range of insect eaters, some behaving like our own flycatcher, others, such as the kiskadees, big enough to act as the local shrikes. Moreover, since there are no true starlings native to the New World, not only have the cotingas taken over the niche of the big fruit-eating mynahs, but the hangnests or icterids have taken over that of smaller starlings and orioles, and even that of the common starling. The so-called military starling of South America is not a true starling; but it is noisy, leggy, quarrelsome, and spotty in the female, and it probes for its food often with its beak in damp ground. In fact this bird is so like a common starling that one can hardly believe it is not directly related to it.

In short, in South America, the songbirds show an adaptive radiation into tiny, medium, and large insect and fruit eaters, open-country types, deep-forest types, ground livers, climbers on bark (the wood-hewers) and so on: a range of types that parallels most beautifully the radiations into the same niches that we see in unrelated families of songbird in Africa, the Orient, and Australasia. And this is only one example.

In the true mammals we have such fantastically different forms as whales, bats, moles, antelopes, great cats, and elephants, each adapted for very different modes of life. But within each of these general kinds there is, or has been, adaptive radiation. In the groups of whales, for instance, the porpoises take rather small fishes, the killers are fierce predators of other whales, the sperm-whales dive deep to catch giant squid, and the right whales, as everyone knows, filter out tiny animals from the sea water. Then among the bats there are fruit eaters, blood drinkers, fishers, even a nectar sucker feeding like humming-birds, and many insect catchers. These last can themselves be divided into those that pluck sitting insects off foliage and those that catch them in flight, and these again into those that hawk over water, above forest, inside forest, and so on.

Parrots All Over the World

Often, a particular group has been able to disperse all over the world and occupy all the suitable places. Parrots, for instance, are found from South America to Australasia and on to the coral islands halfway across the Pacific. No one has any evidence that those of South America, say, were evolved by convergence from some wholly different stock of birds. But still within this group, one sees local adaptive radiations. The South American forms are one such, ranging from gigantic macaws to tiny little finch-like parrots. In Australasia, parrots have radiated amazingly, producing not only every size from the biggest cockatoos (paralleling the macaws) to budgerigars, but also a large number of nectar eaters, the lories, and the extraordinary pigmy parrots. These are as big as your thumb, work up tree trunks exactly like minute woodpeckers—they even have stiffened shafts to their tail feathers, like woodpeckers—and nibble off little bits of fungus. Why the parrots have done so well in Australasia is not certain, but it is probably significant that several important groups of tropical birds, and of mammals (such as monkeys) are absent from there; this may have given them their chance.

Pigmy parrot (*Micropsitta finschii*) from Melanesia and Northern Australasia

The principles of adaptive radiation and convergence are so general that one can almost draw up an advertisement for vacancies in a new country. In an isolated large island or continent with grassy plains, one can say there will be vacancies for tiny, medium, large, and huge grazing mammals, and for different sizes of carnivore to prey on them. Among birds one needs many insect eaters, large ones for large strong insects, small ones for tiny gnats. Some can forage in the tree tops, others search the crevices of bark if they come provided with (or develop) appropriate clinging legs. Some can fly out and catch insects in flight above the forest canopy, others can do the same inside the forest, and yet others can scratch for them on the ground. So one could continue for fruit eaters, nectar suckers, probers in soft soil, fishers, carrion eaters, snake eaters, birds of prey, and then again for those that do such things at night. One can do the same for all other groups of animals, not forgetting that the more one has introduced, the more vacancies one has created for fleas, lice, ticks, and leeches on their outsides, and flukes, threadworms, tapeworms, and parasitic protozoa inside them.

An American Invention

The term 'adaptive radiation' was invented by the American palaeontologist Henry Fairfield Osborn at the beginning of the century, and the process has been well recognized by palaeontologists in general who have the record of it in the rocks to contemplate; but its enormous importance and all-pervasiveness has hardly been recognized even yet by students of living animals. What present awareness exists is especially due to David Lack of Oxford, who worked out the principle in detail for Darwin's finches, those birds of the Galapagos Islands that set Darwin thinking hard about the possibility of evolution. Lack met with considerable disbelief among professional and amateur ornithologists, who maintained that one can walk along an English hedgerow and see all sorts of birds feeding on exactly the same food. But in fact this is true only when there is a local glut of some particular sort of food, and usually they rely on different foods; or take the same general class of food but in different places.

At present, the importance of the theme of adaptive radiation is insufficiently recognized. It is not well displayed in zoos and museums, nor taught as such in universities. It brings up the possibility of far more extensive convergence than most evolutionists have ever contemplated (especially between forms that are already fairly closely related) and thereby strikes at the whole basis of the classification of animals. We usually say that if several animals have many characters in common, then they are descended from the same ancestor, which also had these characters; but it now seems that the characters of animals, except those undergoing the slow process of elimination, are what they need, not what they inherit. Those peculiar to a few animals are the characters with a limited usefulness. Those found in many are of wide application in many different modes of life. How far this agrees with the usual ideas of ancestral characters is not known.

Darwin himself never faced this problem. It gives an extreme value to accurate natural history, especially in the tropics where so many species live, and it makes even more urgent the necessity for preserving large areas of untouched country before they are ravaged by man; for once gone, they are gone for ever, and a great opportunity of studying the process that has given rise to ourselves will have vanished with them.—*Network Three*

Charles Singer is the author of *A Short History of Scientific Ideas to 1900* (Oxford University Press, 35s.). 'This book', says Dr. Singer in the preface, 'is based on one bearing the title *A Short History of Science* . . . published in 1941. It underwent several revisions but the present form is much more than a revision and rather more than a new edition. I have therefore thought best to give it a modified title'.

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William Herschel, Pioneer of Sidereal Astronomy, by Michael A. Hoskin, has been published in the Newman History and Philosophy of Science Series of pamphlets (Sheed and Ward, 2s. 6d.).

An Escape to Mount Athos

SIR BRIAN HORROCKS on the exploits of Colonel Thomas

Lieutenant-Colonel W. B. Thomas, D.S.O., M.C.

THIS is the story of Lieutenant-Colonel W. B. Thomas, who started life as a bank clerk in New Zealand, but after the war became a regular officer in the Royal Hampshire Regiment. During the last war he served with the New Zealand Division and rose from Second Lieutenant to Colonel and won the Distinguished Service Order and two Military Crosses.

Sandy Thomas's introduction to war was not fortunate, because the New Zealand Division was part of the force which was sent to help the Greeks stem the German advance. But the New Zealanders were completely outnumbered and straight away they were involved in a long retreat which lasted for seventeen days over the beaches; then they were evacuated to Crete, where they spent the next three weeks licking their wounds and preparing for the German invasion, which was bound to come.

The prisoner-of-war hospital in Athens to which Colonel Thomas was taken after being captured in Crete

Every morning at dawn the Germans carried out air attacks on our troops, so when this happened on May 20, 1941, nobody thought much about it. Sandy Thomas's platoon had just finished the dawn stand-to. They had lit up their cigarettes and were wending their way to the cook-house for breakfast, when suddenly they saw an astonishing sight—hundreds of men drifting down to earth on parachutes. 'Cripes', shouted his platoon sergeant, 'they can't be real, they must be only dummies'. But they were not dummies: this was the real thing, the beginning of the German invasion of Crete, one of the biggest air invasions of the war. Some 23,000 German troops were dropped, all landed from the air, all picked men from the German paratroop brigades, air landing brigades, mountain divisions and so on, and in almost no time at all they were in action. The battle almost immediately degenerated into a series of small-scale actions between some of the best troops in the world: the German paratroopers and the British, including of course those fine soldiers, the New Zealanders and the Australians. The fighting became more and more confused, but during the landing the Germans had split our forces into two. Our men really had little chance, and slowly but surely, still fighting bitterly, they were forced back. Inevitably, many allied prisoners were taken, as they always must be in withdrawals of this kind. Some of the men who after a long rearguard action had survived Greece, were now taken prisoners of war in Crete, and many of those who were left behind were badly wounded.

Thirteen days later, on June 1, our men were once more evacuated over beaches, this time from Crete to Egypt. But there were not enough ships for all of them, some had to be left behind, and among them was Sandy Thomas. He had been wounded. But his was no ordinary wound—there was a huge gaping hole right down his right thigh. At first it was thought that it might be necessary to amputate the leg, but they just managed to save it; and with the other wounded Thomas was eventually taken to a prisoner-of-war hospital in Athens, where his long, slow period of recovery began. To all intents and purposes this was a prisoner-of-war camp, surrounded by barbed wire and guarded by Germans.

Life in such a camp is a big test of character. During May, June, July, and the first fortnight of August, as Sandy Thomas lay in bed in the hospital ward he was concerned only with one thing—how to get away, to escape, get back to his regiment again. Eventually he could stand it no longer, so he eased himself out of bed in order to try his leg—but collapsed on the floor. Afterwards he was fairly ill, but undeterred he went on, day after day, trying to walk a bit farther each time. The wound was not healed, yet Sandy Thomas, unknown to the Germans, was getting mobile.

There was nothing particularly subtle about his first effort at escape. With a private soldier called Schroeder, who had been in his platoon in Crete, he tried at dusk to cut a hole in the barbed wire. But it was not dark enough: German sentries spotted them, opened fire, and they were lucky to escape with their lives. As a punishment they were put in cells under the hospital block and were given fifteen days' solitary confinement supposedly on bread and water. I say supposedly, because this is what actually happened: on the first evening, when the supper was brought to the next room for the German sentries who were guarding them, Thomas and Schroeder demanded to go to the lavatory, and on their way back they calmly sat down at the table with the German sentries and held out their plates. The Germans were staggered, and then they grinned and filled up their plates. From then on they always shared the meals with the German sentries. Indeed they were much better fed than if they had been back in the ward.

Thomas's second attempt was much more subtle. If anybody died in that hospital, he was put in a coffin by British orderlies and was taken to a burial ground outside the wire, where the service was conducted by an Australian padre. The coffin was then lowered into the grave, but—and this was the point—the grave was not filled in until several days after the funeral had taken place. Provided all those people could be squared, which would not be too difficult—they were all prisoners of war—what would be more simple than for a live person to be carried out in that coffin and when the funeral was over to open the lid, pop out and away—a very good idea. They drew lots on who should go first, and Sandy Thomas won. So, at 3.0 a.m. on September 14, Lieutenant Thomas died peacefully in his sleep and everybody was very sad. Even the Germans were sorry. A shroud was pulled

reverently over his head; he found it rather difficult, when breathing, to prevent the sheet going up and down, and as the day went on he got hungrier and hungrier: what drove him absolutely mad was to hear the orderly going to his next door neighbour and saying in a sepulchral voice: 'Would you like a second dinner today, sir, poor Mr. Thomas will not require it now?'

Otherwise all was going according to plan, and then suddenly he heard the voice of a German doctor who had chosen this day of all days to pay one of his periodic visits to the hospital. Unfortunately he was particularly interested in Sandy's case, because he had seen him right from the beginning. He approached the bed, and Sandy Thomas felt the sheet being pulled down and a hand coming down toward his face. He could stand it no longer—he snorted, giggled and looked up into the startled blue eyes of the German doctor, who took a couple of paces back, and then, realizing what had happened, started laughing. Eventually the whole ward joined in, including Thomas. To the Germans' credit, no punishment was awarded for that second effort at escaping.

All this sounds light-hearted, and that is the way Thomas made it seem, but it was not a light-hearted business at all. Those German sentries had orders to shoot at sight if they saw anybody escaping, and they always did.

Thomas's third attempt was also unsuccessful. He was caught hiding in the truck which came in and out from the town daily with the rations. By now the Germans had come to the conclusion that he was an incorrigible escaper, so he was taken to the Supreme German Army Headquarters in the middle of Athens. But even here, in the centre of the holy of holies, it was unsafe to leave Sandy Thomas alone even for a moment, as a German sentry found to his cost when he went into one of the rooms to ask a question. Thomas was off down the passage like a flash, into the main hall, where he seized a broom and bucket from a very surprised Greek woman who was cleaning the floor, and calmly walked out, past the sentry, into the street, and away.

Some of the Greek peasants on whom Colonel Thomas was dependent for food and shelter after his escape

It may seem extraordinary that a man like Thomas, a large man wearing a khaki shirt, could walk through an enemy-occupied town without being detected, but that is what happened. People glanced at him a little curiously and there is no doubt that a number recognized him as being British, but the Greeks were great patriots—there was little danger of their giving him away. He kept on walking quickly down the street, until eventually he saw a small café into which he rushed. For a little time he was safe. But the German search parties who were scouring Athens found him there.

He realized now that he was a marked man, and in spite of the fact that his wound needed dressing almost daily, he managed to persuade one of the Australian doctors to pass him as fit, so that he could be sent elsewhere where nobody would know him and where he could start afresh. Then he was sent from Athens to Salonika.

But this was different from the hospital: it was a prisoner-of-war camp, and a somewhat sinister one at that. It had originally been guarded by the Hitler Jugend and, after a recent unsuccessful attempt, three prisoners had been more or less shot out of hand and their bodies had been left for several days in the sun on the wire as an example to the other prisoners. But it took more than that to deter Sandy Thomas: he started immediately planning to get out again, and in all the preliminary work he was helped by a British officer called Hugh Burnett. Thomas not only planned how to get out of the camp, but where he was intending to go when he got out. Originally he meant to take the route direct to Turkey, but ultimately he was dissuaded from this course because it meant travelling so far through German-occupied Greece. He decided to make his way to the mysterious Mount Athos, peopled entirely by monks.

The prisoner-of-war camp was 200 yards by 300 yards, and the prisoners lived in blocks. The camp was surrounded by a barbed wire fence, a particularly formidable obstacle because it was ten feet high and ten feet broad. It was watched from some sentry boxes. By day there was one sentry in the box, by night two, one on a machine-gun, the other manning a searchlight on a swivel; he directed the beam up one way and then up another alternately. It was obvious that he could not get out anywhere here—it was too open, and by the time he had cut a hole through the wire, even at night, he would be bound to be picked up in the searchlight beam; escape would be impossible.

There were only two possibilities—two houses that coincided with the perimeter wire fence. One was in a street outside the camp, but it was too close to a sentry box, so there remained only the other one. At first sight that was also rather disappointing, because the windows were so high that by the time a man could be lowered down on a rope he would almost certainly be picked up in the searchlight beam at night. They were almost giving up hope when suddenly they spotted a little staircase going down. It was blocked with packing cases, but they wriggled their way through the cases and at the bottom they came to a small door, at ground level, giving out on to the outer road with a wall, and here there was a rubbish dump.

That was obviously the weak part of the camp. The door was very strong; it was set in concrete, there were steel bars across it and also barbed wire all round it, but given time that could always be removed, because the extraordinary thing was that in a camp, funnily enough, tools were always available.

After three nights the door was almost open. There was only ten minutes' work left, and Sandy Thomas determined to make his break on the fourth night. So, as soon as it was dark he went down the stairs to behind the door and waited, and then he removed the last bit of wire and opened the door, and peered out—out to freedom. He had to watch the searchlights, because he could only cross when they were off. He had posted an orderly above to watch the road, because he could not see from down below, and the orderly was to warn him when anybody came, by throwing something down the stairs. He was just going when the orderly threw a boot down the stairs and he closed the door just in time. He heard the tramp of feet, the guard was changing; it had been a near shave. This agonizing uncertainty went on for a solid half-hour. He could stand it no longer. He said: 'The next time those lights go off I'll make a dash for it'. The lights went off, the door opened, he ran across, behind a niche in the wall. The light came on, but it was too late, for he was hidden by the corner. Over into the refuse dump, down, then up on to the wall and he dropped down on to the Salonika road. The agony of the fall on his wound was terrific, and he nearly fainted, but he picked himself up and set off down the street.

At last he was free: Thomas had made it at the fifth attempt. He hobbled up a street leading to Castle Hill, which

dominated the town. Small roads led away from it to the mountains, but he had many miles to travel before he could hope to reach the sanctuary of Mount Athos. The going was rough, and his open wound made it difficult.

The poverty he saw among the Greek peasants was appalling, yet he was totally dependent on them for food and shelter, and almost without exception they did not fail him. They risked far more than he did—he could only be sent back to a prisoner-of-war camp; they could die. In one village he went to, seventy men and boys had been shot as a reprisal for hiding one Allied soldier, yet they went on doing it: their courage was unbelievable. Sandy Thomas struggled on, until at last he knew he was nearing the small village which marked the boundary to Mount Athos. As he walked down the last track of this tiny fishing village he had no idea what lay ahead, or whether Athos would prove to be the sanctuary he hoped. 'I felt I'd stepped back hundreds of years from the moment I crossed the line of the cypress trees which was the frontier of the Holy Mountain', he said after the war. Indeed, there had been little change in this strange place throughout its long history. For 1,200 years it has been a holy place, and during all its long history no woman has ever set foot there. The monks will not even have female animals if they can help it. They will even go without milk rather than have cows. Athos is a peninsula, sticking out into the sea, and all over it are monasteries—twenty-one in all, housing about 10,000 monks. The peninsula is quite separate from the Greek Government; it is like a little territory on its own, ruled by twelve monks. These represent the twelve disciples: they assume the names of these disciples during their term of office. During the war even the Germans were reluctant to interfere with their customs. At one time the monasteries were wealthy beyond imagination, and it was said that the monks in each monastery had enough gold plate to feed a great city. Still today some live in considerable comfort, with servants and horses, on the money they brought with them. Others came with nothing, and certainly they come from all classes and all parts of the world.

One of the twenty-one monasteries on Mount Athos

Moving from monastery to monastery, Sandy Thomas lived with those monks for weeks and weeks. They put him in their hospitals, did what they could for his wound, and if there was a whisper that the Germans knew of his existence and were after him, off he was sent. Sometimes he went by boat, sometimes he had to tramp over this harsh stony country; wherever he went he could never get over the medieval quality of the place.

Eventually he ended in the great Lavra, the most famous monastery of all. It is over 1,000 years old, but by now his wound was suppurating badly and he was put into the hospital attached to the monastery and looked after by a monk doctor. But the Germans were hot on his trail, and one day a monk came running in and said 'Quick, the Germans are coming; you must hide'. So, limping, with a loaf of bread under one arm and a couple of blankets under the other, he started to climb up into the mountains. But he had not gone a hundred yards before he was overtaken by a friendly Greek priest, who said 'You can't escape that way; the Germans are all round. Your only hope is to get back into that monastery and hide there'. So he returned. The monks were not a bit frightened for themselves, but they were determined that he should not be captured. They dressed him as a monk, and they took him to a small bricked-in cell right at the top of the monastery, which could only be approached by a trap door at the top. There he stayed for three days, his only companions being a couple of large rats; and all the time the Germans were searching. They found nothing and eventually they departed.

All the time he was in the monastery he had been trying to get hold of a boat so as to sail across the sea to neutral Turkey. He could not handle a boat by himself, but thanks to the monks he joined up with other prisoners of different nations, including two British, who were also hiding in Mount Athos, and three times they succeeded in stealing boats. The first time, after they sailed, a violent storm blew up; the boat was tossed about like a cork and flung back on to the coast of Mount Athos, and they were lucky not to be drowned. The second time, directly after they sailed from the beach, the boat began to fill so quickly with water that they had to turn straight back; as a matter of fact, the bung was out of the hole at the bottom and they did not realize it. By now the Germans were searching the whole coast for them, but in spite of this they succeeded in breaking into an isolated boathouse and stealing a forty-foot motor cruiser. They had no petrol, but had two small masts, and sails were available. This time the wind was kind to them, and for five days they sailed peacefully across the sea and landed on the coast of neutral Turkey.

Thomas had always wanted to get back to his own regiment, and by the most extraordinary coincidence, when in May 1942 he crossed on foot the frontier between Turkey and Syria he came straight into the outpost position of his own battalion—the 23rd Battalion. What is even more extraordinary, it was the area of the company of which his own brother was the commander.

—From 'Men of Action' (B.B.C. television)

Monks who gave sanctuary to Colonel Thomas

Round the London Art Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

'HOMAGE to Matthew Smith', an exhibition at Tooth's Gallery, is really a chance collection of paintings from private collections which were not included in the Tate Gallery exhibition of 1955. There are none of his early works in the *fauve* manner; the earliest painting dates from about 1925, and on the whole it is the later works which make the greatest impression. Yet the general effect is one of great richness and warmth, a Venetian glow very different from the usual austerities of modern painting.

There has for some time been a general belief that in this artist's latest works, perhaps because of his failing eyesight, there was a certain harshness and crudity, at least by comparison with the first of his paintings after he had developed his mature style; but here there are several works of the last ten years in which the fire and brilliance is matched by real subtlety of perception. In the 'Still life with a blue and white jug' of 1954, for example, the pale naples yellow of the fruit makes a perfect foil for the sumptuous blues, violets, and reds; it is the sort of contrast which excites one as much by its delicacy as by its unexpectedness.

Matthew Smith's art had its origin in *fauve* painting, but as time went on he admitted much more modelling than seems at first sight to be compatible with the use of such strong and brilliant colour. Derain, when he made the same transition from flat pattern to more solid modelling and construction, radically altered and subdued the *fauve* palette, but Smith's colour became, if anything, still brighter. Thus the reconciliation of these opposed tendencies was for many years his main artistic problem; as one might expect, it was most acute in his figure subjects, and how teasing it was is revealed in an occasional inconsistency, as when a leg, for example, is more firmly and emphatically modelled than the rest of the body. In the last resort it was by feeling alone that he solved his problem. His brushwork was so free and impulsive that one's attention is always held to the surface of the picture and one hardly notices how solid the fruit in a still life is or how accurately the structure of a figure is defined. Only after long experience could such a method be used with complete success. It is easy to understand why Smith admired Rubens and why he executed the admirable little transcription of one of his paintings which is included in the exhibition—and for this reason the best of his later works have an authority and power which is not to be found even in the most radiant and seductive of his early pictures.

Perhaps it is necessary to be a Rothschild in order to have an entirely unequivocal admiration for the more sumptuous specimens of French eighteenth-century furniture, but an Arts Council exhibition at 4 St. James's Square of furniture designs from the Musée des Arts Décoratifs offers a distillation, as it were, of all this magnificence which even the poorest and purest of us can admire. In France designs for furniture were not usually drawn, as in England, by the cabinet-makers themselves, but by artists or architects; such direction from above was acceptable because a single piece of furniture might be the work of several craftsmen working in complete independence, cabinet-maker, metal-worker, and upholsterer, and it was necessary that their various aims should be reconciled. Even so the design of the sort of piece which combines elaborate ormolu mounts, complex marquetry, and panels of painted porcelain is really more easily appreciated in the form of an elegant drawing than in the actual object. The exhibition includes some pieces of furniture of extraordinary richness, lent by the Queen, by private collectors, and by the Victoria and Albert Museum, so that there is an opportunity of observing exactly how the system worked in practice; the obvious conclusion is that these marvellous craftsmen, even when guided by an artist, were sometimes inclined not so much to collaborate as to compete for attention.

'Portrait de Jeanne Hébuterne' (1918): oil painting by Modigliani, from the exhibition at the Lefevre Gallery

At the same address the Arts Council is also holding an exhibition of contemporary Polish graphic art. There is a section of woodcuts, which often appear to derive from folk art, by Skoczylas and his pupils, and there are also woodcuts, lithographs, and etchings done after the war by younger artists. Panek's large woodcuts of stylized animals are spirited and witty.

Hitherto Keith Vaughan has been very much a one-subject painter, specializing in simplified nudes, young men who all seem to have a family likeness, the same rather tough expression and the same inclination to show off their muscles. These figures reappear in several canvases in his latest exhibition at Matthiesen's Gallery, but now they are beginning to dissolve, as it were, into more decorative arrangements of flat patches of colour; the backgrounds have become more important; and there are quite a number of landscapes in which the process is carried still further until the paintings become to all intents and purposes abstract. As always, Vaughan displays great assurance and handles his medium with professional dexterity, but in three small paintings, all entitled 'Snow at Amanda', there is an unusual vein of quiet feeling, no doubt inspired by the sight of a particular landscape.

Even in these hard times the Lefevre Gallery has managed to put together a very interesting collection of French paintings of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. A naturalistic landscape

by Odilon Redon is a great curiosity, but also a very firmly constructed, well painted work. An early snow scene, dated 1872, shows Camille Pissarro in one of the most attractive phases of his art, and there is a small Modigliani of peculiar delicacy and charm. A series of six chalk drawings to illustrate fairy stories show Bonnard in an unusual but most engaging mood, and there are some watercolours by Derain which have all the charm of his designs for the Russian ballet.

The Marlborough Gallery also has a distinguished exhibition of drawings and watercolours by French and other artists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. There is a large group of work by Klee, admirable drawings by Ingres and Mary Cassatt, an interesting watercolour by Juan Gris, drawings by Picasso and Matisse, and much else.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Future of the Railways

Sir,—Two sets of questions arise from Mr. H. P. Barker's fascinating *tour d'horizon* (THE LISTENER, February 25). The first problem is how far railway services should be financially self-supporting. It seems that on that subject public opinion has undergone some change in recent months. The question has now been restated in this way: 'Are railways an ordinary business enterprise, or are they, entirely or partly, a form of social service?' Those opting for the latter alternative go on to suggest that part of the cost of railway operations should be borne by the state and not be financed out of current railway revenue. The question is still being debated, and I do not desire to follow Mr. Barker any further than he pursued it in his talk, except to make one observation: it is true that the efficient modernized French railway system operates at a big loss; but this is a calculated loss. All French railway operations are most carefully costed and budgeted, and the constructional and operational budgets are strictly adhered to. The state and the French railways agree on the difference between total costs and total receipts on the basis of estimates taking into consideration the 'social service' aspect of unremunerative railway activities and of low fares and freight charges. In other words, the French railways get a budgeted subsidy on the understanding that they operate efficiently and economically. The French railways may 'operate at a loss', but a French railwayman can tell you at a glance at his tables what any particular service will cost the railways and the taxpayer.

The second problem is the technical efficiency of the railway services projected under the British modernization plan. I am not sure that the heritage of the past will ever be entirely eliminated. For instance, the vacuum brake will be forever with us, although it is less efficient than the air-compression brake. It is true that the long delay over the modernization of our railways will benefit us by giving us a choice of the latest means of traction, signalling, and other devices; but the long delay also means that much will have to be done in a relatively short time at considerable cost—and this creates the temptation of trying to do too little in too many directions. A comparison between the new electrification scheme and the original proposals laid down in the 1951 electrification report shows that we tend to rely too much on diesel traction. In theory, the diesel should often give way later on to the electric locomotive—but the example of provisional prefabricated housing still in use after twenty years is an awful warning. Clearly not enough thought has been given to the savings to be derived from railway operations with only a small number of locomotive types. There are already far too many different types of diesel units and locomotives on our rails. This may help to keep Britain a paradise for train spotters, but it must be a maintenance planner's nightmare. One of the worst examples which comes to mind was the appearance of a coffin-like diesel locomotive with only one cab at one end. The Lewisham disaster should have taught us that it is not a good thing to obstruct a clear view of signals from the cab.

Not enough thought appears to have been given to the organization of traffic control. The French system of overall control by a chain of command up to regional headquarters, or the Swiss and German system of regional traffic centralization under geographical regions might be adapted to our needs. Our present arrangements discourage cross-country traffic; in this way the railways tend to lose potential customers.

However, I feel that Mr. Barker's talk in itself is a most welcome sign that the time for complacency on and about our railways is now a thing of the past.—Yours, etc.,

Dunsden Green RALF BONWIT

Sir,—Mr. H. P. Barker in his talk 'The Future of the Railways' (THE LISTENER, February 25) seems to overlook one or two fundamental points regarding road-rail competition. In normal circumstances the relative rates of expansion of two competing services provides a pragmatic test of their relative efficiency. This is not so in the case of transport, for a number of reasons. First, as Mr. Barker points out, the railways suffer from some disadvantages in not being able to raise their fares at will and in being forced to carry unremunerative traffic. This is a serious but not an insoluble problem. Secondly, there is the question of permanent way—roads are provided out of taxation. It is true that the revenue raised from purchase tax on cars, petrol tax, and road licences is more than sufficient to pay for the annual expenditure on road-building, but this is not the intention of these taxes—any more than the taxes on beer and tobacco are intended to be used for the benefit of drinkers and smokers. Vastly more important than either of these, however, are the 'external diseconomies' of road traffic, in the cost of road accidents and the upkeep of a large part of the police force. If road users had to pay the economic cost of this there is little doubt, as a recent article in the *Economic Journal* points out (J. E. Allen, March 1959) that the entire road system would have to close down.

If expenditure on private motoring continues to increase at the rate it has done since 1955, the next decade will see a doubling, and might possibly see a trebling, of the number of motor vehicles on British roads. It will be generally agreed that the consequences of a traffic increase of this size would be too frightening to contemplate. In this dilemma there is a clear case for a subsidy to the railways on a fairly massive scale. Most European countries already do this, and there is some hope that even the U.S.A. may be forced belatedly in the same direction.

Yours, etc.,

Leeds F. KNOX

The Age of Discretion

Sir,—Mr. Arthur Koestler's talk 'The Age of Discretion' (THE LISTENER, February 25) was a most fascinating mental exercise, worthy of the great artist he undoubtedly is. The basic idea is nevertheless based on a fallacy. While an individual may and often does grow spiritually by a full awareness of the human condition, this cannot possibly be applied to a community, be it a nation or the whole of mankind. This is because the individual, possessing a soul and free will, is capable, with divine aid, of achieving perfection and sanctity. But these very words are devoid of meaning when applied to communities.

Simone Weil said, referring to the Jews of biblical times, that there was once a nation with the pretension to holiness *as a nation,* but it proved to be an aberration. The historically unparalleled challenge of the H-bomb is still directed at *the individual,* at each man and each woman everywhere, and it is just the 2,000-year-old challenge: 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and its justice and all these things will be added unto you'.

Yours, etc.,

Birkenhead OLIVER E. FORD

Communism and British Intellectuals

Sir,—I will give Mr. Alasdair MacIntyre his three names, although I don't happen to know one of them. I suppose that 7,000 or so Communists left the party in the 1956-7 period; and a few score of these have joined (or passed through) the Socialist Labour League. Scarcely a representative sample. But the conclusion to Mr. MacIntyre's argument—that 'many of those who remained Marxists' joined this League—is in fact concealed within his premises. If true Marxists are, by definition, Trotskyists then it follows that the proposition is proved. But why not, in this case, state the matter more plainly: 'of the 7,000 who left the Communist Party, a few score became Trotskyists'. I agree. This is not to sneer. Trotsky *could* have been right all the time. The truth of ideas is not to be discovered by counting heads. The fact that only a few score hold a certain view is not to their discredit.

What I distrust is the tendency to replace one universal slide-rule for the interpretation of history (the interests of the Soviet Union as disclosed by Stalin) by another (the writings of Trotsky, and the attitudes adopted by different protagonists to Trotsky). Mr. MacIntyre has got his history wrong, I suspect, because he has entered history through the corpus of Trotsky's writings and not by way of the events upon which these writings are a partisan commentary. He is more aware of what Trotsky was writing in *Pravda* in 1926 than of what Arthur Horner was doing in South Wales. He is aware of what Fox wrote against Trotsky but less aware of what he wrote against imperialism.

I am still arguing for a greater sense of context, and of the inner stresses and complexities of Communist history. If we agree that the systematic blackening of all that was Trotskyist was symptomatic of a general perversion of the purposes and theory of Communism which had a disastrous outcome, this still remains a statement about the *perversion* of a movement and not about its nature or *function*. 'Authentic anti-Fascist heroism' plus perversion cannot, by any philosophical arithmetic, be made to equal a 'ritualized pseudo-conflict'.

In the light of subsequent Communist history, when this perversion has taken a multiple revenge, I can understand Mr. MacIntyre's reaction. But he would understand why I have a chip on my shoulder if he would reflect how close his own version of this 'shabby episode' is to the version authorized by St. Antony's College, the Congress for Cultural Freedom, and even to the 'Russian agents' version of Senator McCarthy. (Let him look at his letter to Mr. Hanson again.) He might also reflect why the Rockefeller Foundation subsidized Dr. Neal Wood; and why he himself was an acceptable reviewer of this book on B.B.C. whereas not only Communists but also ex-Communists with direct experience (Christopher Hill, Professor Farringdon, Professor Levy, and John Saville are among names that come to mind) would *not* be acceptable to any organ of the Establishment.

I do not need Mr. MacIntyre's reminder that to be a dissident Communist, or 'revisionist', is to be ineffectual and even rather ridiculous in the British context. Who the hell cares? It is so much more fashionable to write off the 'thirties *and* the 'forties as a 'shabby episode'. But the truth is more difficult; and it is from this difficulty—the inner stresses within Communism—that the democratic transformation of Communism, which began in Poland and Hungary in 1956, will come. That is why it may be important to get this bit of history right. And that also reminds me that, when it comes to the changes we wish to further in the East and in the West in the 'sixties, Mr. MacIntyre and I are in very much closer agreement. If we were asked to review, in any organ of the Establishment, such a book as Mr. Buchan's *Nato in the Sixties*, we would say very much the same things. But the Establishment would not like it. And that is why, as Mr. MacIntyre knows, neither of us will be asked.

Yours, etc.,
Halifax E. P. THOMPSON

Picasso, Schönberg, and Stravinsky

Sir,—Mr. Donald Mitchell's is a very enjoyable game and one that most of us play from time to time (THE LISTENER, February 18). I should like to offer him some alternative moves, some alternative examples of 'pairing up' less certainly doomed by incompatibility.

He prefers the marriage of Picasso and Schönberg to that of Picasso and Stravinsky. It is certainly tempting to relate the abandonment of tonality to the abandonment of perspective. But Picasso did not give up space making as such, and his rejection of perspective had been anticipated by such late-nineteenth-century artists as Gauguin and Cézanne. If we look at Schönberg's *positive* gesture, his concern with composing music of 'notes related only to each other', we are reminded rather of Mondrian's language of interrelated abstract lines and colours, of 'his identification of the horizontal and vertical dimensions' (Mr. Mitchell's words on Schönberg). At the time when Schönberg was evolving serialism, Mondrian was formulating his neo-plastic theories and Kandinsky in Munich was writing the grammar of his equally abstract though more overtly romantic pictorial language. Cubism was not 'an ordered convention within which the artist might work'; as Kahnweiler has admitted recently, it was not a discipline but a freedom. What links Picasso to Stravinsky is not just affinity of character, nor their personal relationship, but their early primitivism and later neo-classicism. Stravinsky's recent development is not in any way paralleled in Picasso's work.

What makes this game particularly complicated is that painting had for some time (often consciously) aspired to the condition of music, and it would be interesting to know what a musicologist makes of the statement of one of the wisest as well as greatest of modern artists who was also an admired musician, Paul Klee, who hoped that in his mature work art had at last reached the stage of development that music had reached in the work of Mozart.

Yours, etc.,
Leeds, 7 NORBERT LYNTON

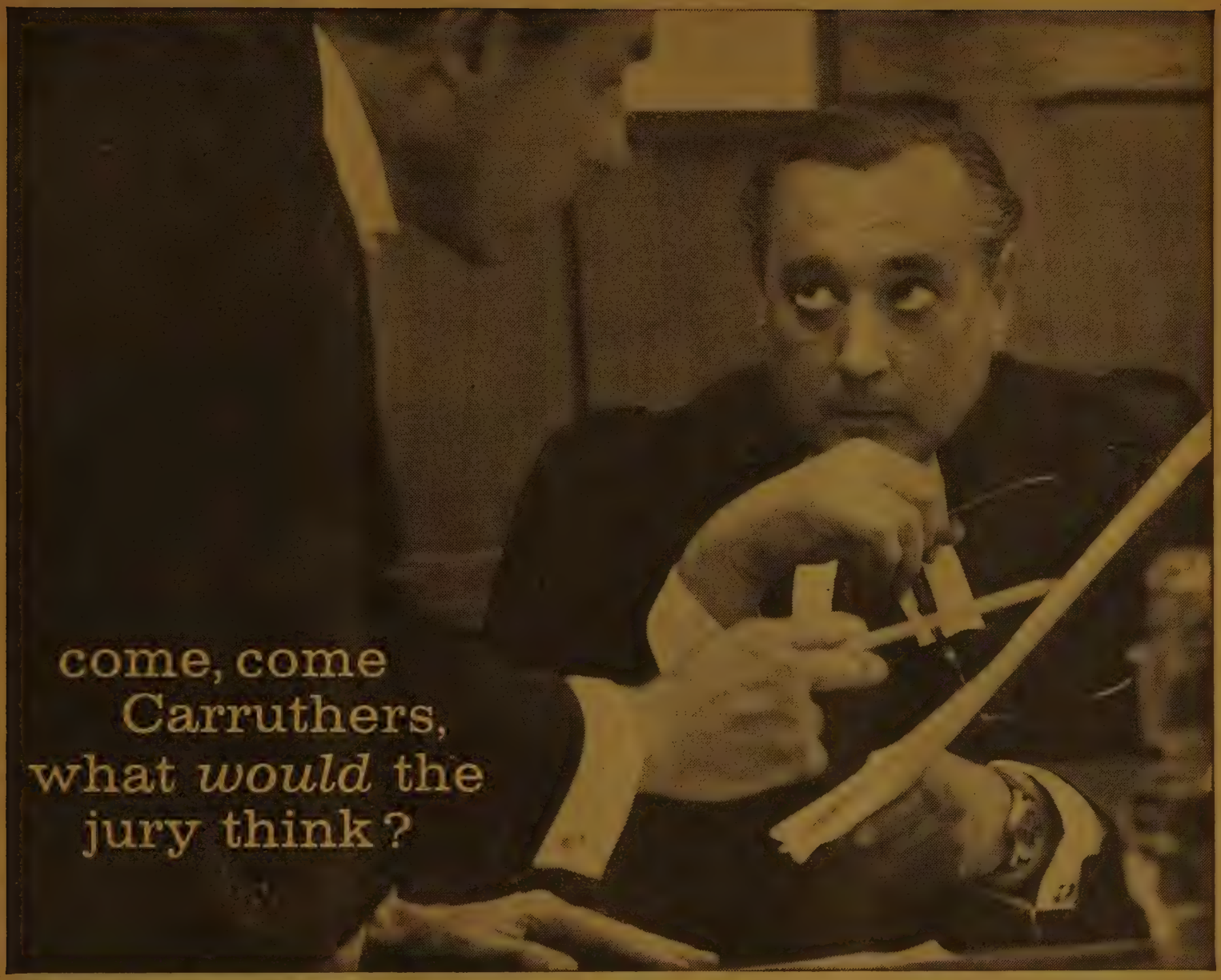
Berg's 'Wozzeck'

Sir,—I was somewhat puzzled by your critic's remarks concerning *Wozzeck* in his review of the broadcast performance of *Lulu* (THE LISTENER, February 18). He writes: 'Wedekind's drama has no need of music . . . it is complete in itself in a way that *Wozzeck* is not. Immerse Büchner's play in the medium of Berg's music and it grows and blossoms like a Japanese flower in water'.

One is led to the conclusion that your critic is of the opinion that Büchner's drama is only truly brought to life or, perhaps, that it only takes on a deeper significance in Berg's musical treatment of it. I would suggest that here Mr. Noble is being rather unfair to Büchner. After all, Berg knew the drama only through Franzos's textually unreliable version, which has since been supplanted, first by Zweig's edition and more recently by later Insel-Verlag editions; even Dr. Redlich in his admirable book on Berg is guilty of a similar misplacing of emphasis in his conception of *Woyzeck*.

If Büchner's only intention in *Woyzeck* had been to portray 'the spokesman of the "tiers état"' and 'the sufferings of the humble and almost dumb' (Dr. Redlich), then there might be some justification for Mr. Noble's claim. But it is not here that the true greatness of Büchner lies. He was not merely a precursor of the 1848 rebellion, a pamphleteer presenting a picture of the oppressed (indeed we may doubt that Büchner ever had any firm belief in the efficacy of human action in revolt against the social and political pattern as he saw it), he was a creative artist with his own view of the relationship between man and the universe. And it is in his presentation of this view with all its profound pessimism that his genius lies.

Is it not significant that Berg did not set the complete *Märchen* as related by the grandmother? And does not the great 'Invention on a key' orchestral interlude before the final scene, for all its magnificent outpouring of sympathy with the fate of poor, downtrodden, bullied Wozzeck, somehow miss the point, or rather alter the emphasis that Büchner intended? While not wishing to suggest that either Büchner was devoid of any pity for his principal figure, or that Berg ever intended his opera to reflect faithfully the spirit of the drama as its author saw it (after all he was creating a masterpiece in its own right), I think, however, that critics should hesitate to suggest that only in the opera does the drama reach its full flowering, and achieve its greatest impact. It is only that the opera achieves a different impact: Büchner's nihilism is toned down in the opera (cp., the *Märchen*); his heroic



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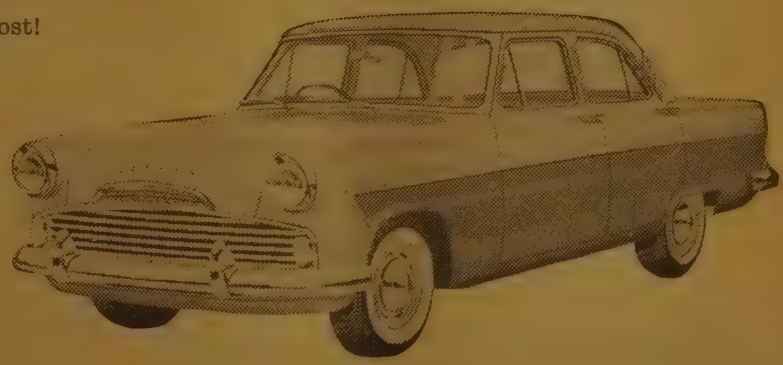

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pessimism gives way to the orchestral epilogue. This is, however, not the same thing as contending that Büchner's drama is a lesser partner.—Yours, etc.,

Stafford W. GORDON WOOD

Mr. Noble writes:

Mr. Gordon Wood is absolutely right to point out that in turning Büchner's *Woyzeck* into an opera Berg shifted its emphasis, but this is beside the point which I was trying (necessarily very briefly) to make. This is that the succinctness of Büchner's treatment leaves a great deal unsaid in words that music can legitimately make more explicit—in much the same way, for all the differences, as Maeterlinck's *Pelléas et Mélisande* does. Both are, it is true, in one sense 'complete', yet both are pregnant with possibilities that the music of Berg and Debussy makes actual. The 'completeness' of Wedekind's Lulu plays (and I am aware that Berg drastically compressed them) is of a less ambiguous, more sterile kind, it seems to me. Mr. Wood can rest assured that I profoundly admire *Wozzeck* both as a play and as an opera, but I cannot help regarding it as a tragedy that Berg squandered so much fine music on such an intrinsically impossible libretto as *Lulu*.—*Editor*, THE LISTENER

James Byres and the Portland Vase

Sir,—It is exceedingly kind of the Contessa Gabaldoni to give me her synopsis (THE LISTENER, February 11) of the article by Frederick Rathbone on the Portland Vase in *The Connoisseur* of April 1905. I should be even more grateful to her if the contents of that article—both the facts and the errors—were not already very familiar to me. It is true that, then, it contained some new views on the Portland Vase, but unfortunately what were new views in 1905 are all too often old hat in 1960. This is sadly the case in this respect.

Contessa Gabaldoni thinks that I was less than fair to her great-grand-uncle James Byres, that I lack respect for him, and that I gave the impression that he was 'a needy hanger-on to the fringes of Roman society'. Not at all. In fact, all I said was that he was Scottish (a disability that, as one of Scottish descent, it would ill become me to stress), that he was an antiquary (an opinion shared by his friend Tassie, by Frederick Rathbone, by Wolf Mankowitz, and all other writers who ever describe him), and that he helped '*milords inglesi*' in their search for suitable trophies to take back from the Grand Tour (a service which he shared with many respected Englishmen—such as Sir William Hamilton—who had the necessary knowledge to satisfy the artistically acquisitive tourists, and the necessary social standing to meet them). I no more suggested that he was impecunious when he sold the vase than I suggested that Sir William Hamilton was when he did the same thing, at greater profit, a few years later. If Contessa Gabaldoni thinks that to say that someone 'supplemented his income' necessarily implies that it was due to poverty or financial necessity, she has a curiously naïve view of economic affairs. It is not altogether unknown for the most prosperous of men to be attracted by a profit.

Finally, to suggest that it would be just to call the vase the Byres Vase, rather than the Portland or the Barberini—the names by which it is known today—is a charming absurdity. The vase was in the hands of the Barberini family for nearly 150 years; it was owned by the Portland family for 160 years—it was in the possession of James Byres for at the most four or five years. Moreover, if Contessa Gabaldoni thinks that her ancestor has the right to give his name to the vase because he had some copies made of it, she should remember that he would then have to share the title with Pichler, Tassie, Wedgwood, and those countless other artists and collectors who reproduced the vase in glass, plaster, brass, silver, iron, marble, and wood.

In fact, I cannot believe that I did James Byres any injustice. Admittedly I did not give him very great space. But even a distinguished gentleman antiquary (well known and respected in eighteenth-century Rome, but now a trifle obscure) can scarcely expect more than three lines out of 2,000 words when he is competing for space with Alexander the Great, Pope Urban VIII, Princess Barberini, Sir William Hamilton, the Duchess of Portland, Josiah Wedgwood, Joshua Reynolds, Erasmus Darwin, William Blake, and the vase itself. For however much his descendants may regret it, the impact of James Byres upon posterity was very limited.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge NEIL MCKENDRICK

The Battle of the Lamp

Sir,—I reply to the letter from Sir Harold Hartley, published in THE LISTENER of February 18.

I did not say that the northern coal owners were unimpressed regarding the *qualities* of Davy's lamp. Indeed, its efficiency was never in dispute. What I did say, and meant, was that the coal owners were unimpressed regarding Davy's claim that his idea was original. And that they were is evidenced by Davy's anger, the length and bitterness of the dispute, and the determination of Stephenson's supporters—among whom were such personalities as Charles Brandling (for several years M.P. for Newcastle), J. G. Lambton (afterwards Earl of Durham), the Earl of Strathmore, and Lord Ravensworth—that the Killingworth engineer should be given the credit to which he was entitled.

Of course Davy had his northern admirers. The efficiency of his lamp warranted that. But that *some* of the coal owners—possibly with an eye to the fact that Davy, well known and influential, was obviously better placed to satisfy their immediate requirements than Stephenson, who was still a mere employee—proves nothing. For did not the same fund which provided Davy with a £2,000 testimonial also award Stephenson £100 'in consideration for what he had done in the matter'?

The Select Committee did, I agree, commend Davy. And rightly so. But nowhere in the passage quoted by Sir Harold is there an indication that the Committee was declaring Davy the undisputed inventor. In fact, the Committee went on to say:

> The principles of its [the lamp's] construction appear to have been *practically* known to Cluny [a Sunderland doctor who also experimented with a safety lamp] and Stephenson *previous to the period when Davy brought his powerful mind to bear on the subject*.

And that, since Cluny's lamp, though finished, was never used underground, appears to me clearly to leave Stephenson first in the field.

That Stephenson's supporters were always in no doubt about the matter, too, is shown by the inscription on a silver tankard presented to Stephenson in 1818, and which read:

> This piece of plate, purchased with a part of the sum of £1,000, a subscription raised for the remuneration of Mr. George Stephenson for having discovered the fact that inflamed fire-damp will not pass through tubes and apertures of small dimensions, —and having been the *first* to apply that principle *in the construction of a safety-lamp* calculated for the preservation of human life in situations formerly of the greatest danger, was presented to him at a general meeting of the subscribers, Charles George Brandling, Esq., in the chair. January 12, 1818.

I stand firmly by what I said.—Yours, etc.,

Stockton-on-Tees S. W. FAWBERT

More Thoughts in Canterbury Cathedral

Sir,—The Bishop of Leicester's letter (THE LISTENER, February 25) calls to mind a recent television feature in which some masons, hewing out the blocks of stone that would be used in the building of Liverpool Cathedral, were asked (in effect) if they believed in the God for whose worship it was designed. Their smilingly emphatic denial was the craftsman's counterpart to Mr. A. S. J. Tessimond's poem. I cannot help wondering with whom Jesus would have sided—the poet in his humility or the Bishop in his 'vested interest'?—Yours, etc.,

Finchingfield C. HENRY WARREN

A Look at 'Panorama'

Sir,—In present attempts to apportion credit to those who helped 'Panorama' along its course as an exceptionally magnetic B.B.C. television programme, THE LISTENER should not be overlooked. In 1953, when 'Panorama' was launched, THE LISTENER documentary television critic of that time was virtually alone in giving aid and comfort to Andrew Miller Jones, the producer, to whose abilities 'Panorama' owes more than its later spokesmen have seemed willing to admit.

I think I am right in recalling that he faced a considerable volume of criticism of the destructive kind.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.3 REGINALD POUND

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

February 24—March 1

Wednesday, February 24

General Council of T.U.C. decides to summon representatives of the Electrical Trades Union before its Finance and General Purposes Committee next month

The French police say they have arrested the leader of a nation-wide network set up in France by the Algerian nationalists

President Eisenhower starts a tour of South America

Thursday, February 25

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Foreign Secretary, makes a statement in the Commons about reports that the German Federal Republic is seeking military bases in Spain

Countess Mountbatten of Burma is buried at sea, off the Isle of Wight

Sixty-six people die when an American Navy transport aircraft and a Brazilian aircraft collide in mid-air off Rio de Janeiro

Friday, February 26

It is announced from Clarence House that Princess Margaret is to marry Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones

The Government is to increase its financial assistance to the arts; next year's grant to the Arts Council is to be raised by £300,000 to £1,500,000

Twenty-seven people are killed when an Italian aircraft crashes near Shannon Airport in Eire

Saturday, February 27

Disturbances take place in Nairobi after a rally addressed by Mr. Tom Mboya on his return from the London conference on Kenya

Sunday, February 28

Mr. Chou En-lai, the Chinese Prime Minister, accepts an invitation by Mr. Nehru to visit Delhi for discussions on the dispute over their common frontier

A cyclone strikes the British colony of Mauritius in the South Indian Ocean, killing at least thirty people and causing extensive damage

Monday, February 29

The Commons debate defence

Britain to contribute nearly £21,000,000 towards developing the waters of the Indus, when agreement over sharing them is reached between India and Pakistan

Tuesday, March 1

Many hundreds are killed and injured in an earthquake at Agadir in southern Morocco

Prime Minister announces that debates in parliament are not to be televised

A commission recommends an amalgamation of English counties that would cause Rutland and Huntingdonshire to be merged with other counties

Her Royal Highness Princess Margaret and her fiancé, Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones: a photograph taken last weekend at Royal Lodge, Windsor, as the newly-engaged couple opened telegrams of congratulation

'Three Tahitians', by Gauguin, which is included in a gift of twenty-one modern French paintings presented to the National Gallery of Scotland by Mr. Alexander Maitland, Q.C.

Part of a display of 1,000 hyac varieties at the Royal Horticul show at Westminster last

Manuel Prado, the President of Peru who, with Señora , last week paid an official visit to this country, photo- ed with the Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan, he Foreign Secretary, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, before dining Downing Street on February 24. The next day the s were the guests of the City of London at a luncheon at Guildhall

Mr. Hugh Gaitskell addressing a rally held in Trafalgar Square, London, last Sunday to launch a month's boycott of South African goods in protest against that country's policy of *apartheid*. After the rally there were a number of clashes with supporters of Sir Oswald Mosley. Nine people were arrested and charged with insulting behaviour

ss Alexandra watching a tea party in a children's ward during her tour of Westminster Hospital on February 25 when she presented awards to the nursing staff

A general view of one of the skating championships in progress at Squaw Valley, California, last week during the closing stages of the Winter Olympic Games, which ended on February 28

a model of the new editorial offices of *The Times* which are to be built on the site of the t office at Printing House Square, Blackfriars. The new buildings will surround three sides ourtyard with the southern side open to Queen Victoria Street. Work is to begin this spring

IBSEN AND THE TEMPER OF NORWEGIAN LITERATURE

J. W. McFARLANE

Mr McFarlane is now engaged on a series of new translations of Ibsen's plays. In this book he traces the development of Norwegian literature from the eighteenth century, concentrating on writers whose work is available in translation. *21s net*

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Spring Books

The Suez Crisis

Full Circle: the Memoirs of Sir Anthony Eden. Cassell. 35s.

Reviewed by the Rt. Hon. LORD MORRISON OF LAMBETH

IF ever a man had a right to expound his case, to defend himself in a book, it is Anthony Eden as to the part he played in the tragedy of Suez, 1956. And that whether one agrees with him or not. In the large volume he has produced other events of importance are described, but it is Suez that stands out and provides the major excitement. That was so in *The Times* serialization, which was a good move on the part of that great newspaper. It is said that *The Times* paid Sir Anthony £100,000 for the copyright and that it did well out of the venture both in circulation and financially; no doubt the Treasury will do well out of the volume as well. So the book has been a big success, even if Suez was not.

And if Suez did not turn out to be a big success all the blame should not be put on Sir Anthony's shoulders. The unfortunate outcome of the affair was that Egypt got away with the theft of a water highway vital to the world, guaranteed to be international in character by conventions operative at the time of the theft; and if Israel had not in 1956 or soon after engaged in preventive war against a man who was constantly threatening her existence, she and her fine pioneering work for civilization would have been destroyed; the book proves that.

Even as I write (February 20) the Nasser threats against Israel persist, for an evening newspaper reports Nasser as telling wildly cheering crowds of Syrians: 'We shall liberate Palestine (Israel). We shall retrieve our rights by our own hands'. He who was saved by the United Nations scorns it, as he has also by his refusal to allow goods for Israel to pass through the Canal, despite U.N. demands that they should.

I will come to some criticisms of the Eden Government's handling of Egypt, but others bear a heavy responsibility. The book sets it all out, with evidence. For example, the failure of U.N. to be fair, strong and insistent in resisting flagrant breaches of international agreements of world interest by dictator Nasser, whilst being excessively rough with three democracies seeking to protect legitimate interests, their own and those of the world. The great need in the potentially valuable U.N. is for it to become impartial, objective, strong for the protection of peace and justice. It must be a fair tribunal to which nations in dispute *want* to go for justice and do not have to be dragged.

Then there was the role of the U.S.A., recorded in detail. Not merely did the American Administration not support their friends: they became vindictive against Britain, France, and Israel, finding themselves more than once in the same boat with the Soviet Union and other Communist countries. Understandably, Eden in his book becomes cross with John Foster Dulles who, as I observed at the time, would help us in the morning at the Suez conferences with good ideas, only to let us down in the afternoon. He was worse than unreliable even when supposed to be functioning as a friend. And President Eisenhower rather tamely followed Dulles, becoming bitter against Britain, France, and Israel in the autumn of 1956. The Americans may not have wanted to play Nasser's game—even though their out-of-date anti-colonialism led them that way—but they did. And naturally the U.S.S.R. did. They would support any reactionary who was a nuisance to the democratic West. The Commonwealth was divided, though the British had valuable help from time to time. Mr. Nehru was an opponent, Mr. Krishna Menon a nuisance at the U.N.

Then there was the party political situation at home, on which the book expresses strong feelings. Mr. Gaitskell's firm speech of August 2, 1956, against Nasser—which I heard with pleasure—was quickly followed by a manifesto justifying Nasser from one of our reactionary so-called left-wing groups. Mr. Gaitskell and our Labour Front Bench appeared to take fright, to become very anti—anti-British, anti-French, anti-Israel—in these grave events, and rather hysterical; in effect—possibly without meaning it—tending to justify Nasser—and Dulles of all people.

Finally, and most serious, the British military organization was very slow getting into action, partly because the Conservative Government had given up the Canal Base and partly because the Staff wanted to be over-sure of things. All this is dealt with rather inadequately in Eden's book. The Israelis were more efficient. If action had quickly followed Nasser's seizure of the Canal our own public opinion would have been more solid for it, though the amount of distrust should not be over-estimated. A good many Labour voters thought the Government right. So all these factors combined to make the Suez action a mess, concluding with a humiliating withdrawal which much displeased the Conservative right wing and helped to demoralize the Conservative Party in the country. I wish the book had told us more about this.

This is a controversial book. There will be more than one opinion about it. But it is well written. It is worth reading. It is a real contribution to history.

Good Companion

Literature and Western Man
By J. B. Priestley. Heinemann. 42s.

MR. PRIESTLEY HAS WRITTEN this history of Western literature since the Renaissance neither for scholars nor for those who are confined to digests; he addresses the large public in between who have read and want to read novels and plays and poetry as part of a pleasurable and enriching existence. I do not believe that any writer could have done the task with such a communication of enthusiasm, such an excellent mixture of strongly felt likes and fairly reasoned dislikes, and above all a finely sustained narrative style that held this reader's interest from Caxton to Thomas Wolfe.

Mr. Priestley, as anyone would expect, has a number of crotchets, not all of which assist his task; there are bridge passages detailing minor writers which flag a little though they never descend to categories of names; his history, particularly in the earlier stages, is a little determinedly old-fashioned in its interpretation; but none of these things seems to matter beside his extraordinary power to bring alive in a few pages exactly those giants of literature—Cervantes, Shakespeare, Voltaire, Goethe—over whom most literary historians would trip and fall down. My only fear is that the large book-loving public to whom his work is addressed no longer exists. Our more complete and more specialized education has probably largely eliminated the sort of people who educated themselves by wide reading in adult years. Let me say at once, however, that those who think that they have already been given their outline of literature at school or university will be very foolish if they do not read this book simply for the power it has to illumine a familiar story in the light of a powerful, original personality who has thought always of literature in terms of life and life in terms of literature.

Let me deal first with what I think to be the defects of Mr. Priestley's book. The first is apparent only in the first two chapters. Mr. Priestley is not primarily a historian, but he rightly insists on interpreting the course of literature in terms of the history of the times. It seems to me, as one who was trained as a historian, that his insufficiency in this sphere is most apparent in his old-fashioned and conventional view of the Italian Renaissance and its influence in France. Pico della Mirandola, Machiavelli, Rabelais are all much more complex, more, if one has to use these sharp definitions, medieval than he allows. There is, therefore, an unfortunate falsely certain note about the first three chapters that is quickly removed by the two succeeding—those on Shakespeare and Cervantes, probably the best in the book.

This uncertain historical note, I think, relates to a larger prejudice which shapes the whole course of Mr. Priestley's book. No one can view the current nuclear armament situation without horror; no one can doubt that it is only a symbol of some deep moral or spiritual failure in man's progress. Yet Mr. Priestley, to my idea, is too wholly committed to a pessimistic view of man's development. Such a view has its advantages; it makes his interpretation of the nineteenth century (that age of growing distress) quite masterly; it explains the fragmentation of our own times. But it gives, in particular to the Middle Ages before his book starts, a sort of naïve, golden-age-of-faith tinge which if strictly held would contradict the whole humanism on which his love of literature rests.

This sense of a religion needed leads Mr. Priestley at times into Jungian terms which seem to me perilously close to the jungle growth of mumbo jumbo. Yet, once again, it is a happy fact that his religious search should have taken him in the direction of depth psychology, for it adds to his naturally extrovert, life-loving taste a sense of the nightmare underside that restores the natural balance.

I have said that where his enthusiasms are engaged, as with Shakespeare, Cervantes, Keats, Fielding, Dickens, he is superb. But the fairness of his unfavourable verdicts is quite as striking. I rate Zola and George Eliot more highly than he does; yet I cannot say that he fails to see and state what is in them. I share his doubts about the reputations of Sterne, Stendhal, and Flaubert; and I know that my expositions of their work would have been less warm than his. All this, of course, goes much against the grain of much academic literary criticism where the Calvinistic casting into hell of the unworthy is as important a function of the God critic as the reception of the Elect into Heaven. Yet Mr. Priestley proves how satisfactorily the central core of literary value can be maintained without a lot of cursing with bell, book, and candle. Only where his strong sensuality finds an alien sensuality which he feels to be decadent—as in Richardson or Poe—does his sympathy fail him. For the rest he has written a book that is in the fullest sense a recreation for those who, in the nursery phrase, 'like reading'.

ANGUS WILSON

From Almack's to Rapallo

The Dandy: Brummell to Beerbohm. By Ellen Moers. Secker and Warburg. 36s.

THE DICTIONARY SAYS a dandy is a person devoted to smartness, especially of costume, and that a fop is a dandy. But they do not seem synonymous, and nobody would say of the fop, as Miss Moers says of the dandy, that he had ever been 'a social, even political phenomenon, with repercussions in the world of ideas'. Much has been written about Beau Brummell. His character made him adopt an attitude to life, which financial independence and social opportunity enabled him to cultivate so carefully that it has been thought to resemble a work of art. It was certainly an original and well-sustained piece of acting. Keeping up with what he wanted to seem to be became his life's work, and so long as he was solvent he was formidable—as a fop could never be. Brummell looks like a cold narcissist, wholly self-centred and self-admiring, maintaining a pose or poise of nonchalance, extreme fastidiousness, insolent superiority, and self-sufficient independence. All this lasted as long as the money he had inherited or borrowed, and as long as he could play his part in the 'exclusivism' of Regency society. It then crumbled, but he had, as we say, started something, and Miss Moers has set herself to find out and explain what this was.

Beau Brummell (1805): portrait by Robert Dighton
From 'The Dandy'

She has an abundant and characteristically American appetite for facts, and great energy in processing them. Nuances sometimes escape her: the thought of Brummell being invited to a ducal house for a 'weekend' is a little worrying; so is the suggestion of Wellington 'boasting', even figuratively, of his 'place in the ranks of the elegantly idle'. These are quibbles; her zest and curiosity are the thing. For instance, Bulwer's *Pelham* (1828), which came to be called *le manuel de dandysme*, has never been reprinted complete since 1836, and she gives an entertaining account of the book and its author. The preciosities of Pelham's tastes and utterances are almost enough to make Wilde look rough. What is interesting about them is the way they follow upon Brummell (who went into raptures over *The Last Days of Pompeii*) and the way they foreshadow serious writers later on in France.

It is almost true to say that Miss Moers is torn between England and France. She revels in the ebullience and ambition of Disraeli, and in the exuberant, bisexual charm of D'Orsay; she delights in the carpings of Carlyle and the moralizings of Thackeray; she penetrates into the thickets of Victorian anti-dandyism, and finds there the repression of cravings for something that was lacking. Dickens engages her especially for his discovery that 'the literary man of genius (or the artist, as he would in another decade call himself) could not remain at peace with the bourgeois world'. Her argument is that his private solution was to lead a clandestine double life (and it may be remarked that this proceeding was not exactly limited, then as now, to the literary man of genius):

> In the imaginative world of his novels Dickens found release by worrying, by pitying, at last by idealizing the anti-bourgeois aristocrat, the irresponsible drifter, the alien dandy—a figure his society rejected, and with whom Dickens had nothing in common, save unspoken thoughts.

As for the 'alien dandy', Miss Moers touches upon the uncouth or showy dandyism of Balzac and Sue, and upon Stendhal ('*Je fais tous les efforts possibles pour être sec*'); and she properly singles out the significance of Barbey d'Aurevilly as a source of 'the intellectual dandyism of Baudelaire, the "negative dandyism" of Huysmans, the aesthetic dandyism of the English 'eighties and 'nineties'. As in Barbey d'Aurevilly, so in Baudelaire, the notion of dandyism hardens into a revolutionary protest on behalf of distinction, of personal independence, of pleasure and cultivated taste, against uniformity, mediocrity, and vulgarity.

For Miss Moers, Beerbohm was the last of the true dandies—Beerbohm who praised Brummell as one who 'looked life straight in the face out of the corners of his eyes'. Her account of him is sympathetic. His aloofness from the world, his fastidiousness, his poise and polish in manner and utterance, his perfection as a caricaturist, and his playfulness helped to make him a much more likable figure than Brummell. A dandy at all of his kind is a little difficult to imagine in the world as it is now, but there seems no reason to write him off as the last of the dandies. There seems plenty of scope now, and in the near future, for the dandy as revolutionary, even if he does not consciously derive from the strange and varied lineage Miss Moers has so enterprisingly explored, from Almack's to Rapallo.

WILLIAM PLOMER

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Life with Roosevelt

Off the Record with F.D.R. By William D. Hassett. Introduction by Jonathan Daniels. Allen and Unwin. 28s.

BILL HASSETT, who eventually became F. D. Roosevelt's private secretary but who, long before that final and well-deserved honour, was one of the most trusted members of the White House staff, began to keep this *Diary* at the beginning of 1942 when the coming of war made it both necessary and convenient to shroud the President's movements in secrecy. It is F.D.R. away from Washington—at his ancestral home at Hyde Park or, more rarely, at Warm Springs in Georgia or 'Shangri-La', the hide-out in the Maryland hills that has been called 'Camp David' since President Eisenhower took over—whom we see in this most admirable piece of Boswellizing. Here we have one of the best inside views of Roosevelt so far committed to print. And if it is still true that no man is a hero to his valet, he *can* be a hero to his secretary—for the reasons that led Hegel to disregard the valet's judgment of the hero.

Bill Hassett was no valet but a highly intelligent, widely experienced, widely read, totally trustworthy confidential aide. He was that *rara avis*, a Vermonter who was both a Democrat and a Catholic. And his judgments of men and issues were affected by this unusual character. He was a passionate reader, and one of his functions was to discuss books with his chief when the President was relaxing from the endless and finally killing pressure of business. It may be guessed, even on the evidence of this book, that the secretary was more of a bookman than the President, who for all his devotion to history had far fewer scholarly tastes than had Theodore Roosevelt or Harry Truman. Passionately interested as he was in family history, he was not very critical in his handling of it. Thus the story he told of how his great-uncle, William H. Aspinwall, was saved from ruin by the discovery of gold in California is chronologically impossible. We are probably on safer ground when F.D.R. is discussing the squirearchy of Dutchess County, justifying his father's refusal to receive the Vanderbilts socially and yet being unwilling to admit the charge of snobbery. That the violently isolationist Congressman, Hamilton Fish, should represent or misrepresent Hyde Park was a ground of grievance. A matter of note, not of serious irritation, was the staunch refusal of his smarter neighbours to let down the barriers of their 'Old Deal' Republicanism. No services to the local Episcopal church softened their suspicion of and hostility to 'that Man'—any more, it may be said, than his political triumphs made him popular at his old school, Groton. On the other hand, Harvard, if reluctantly, gave him an adequately warm welcome at the tercentenary celebrations of 1936, provoked to it by one of the most adroit speeches Roosevelt ever made. Again F.D.R.'s casualness with history is illustrated, for he believed that Jackson had been received and honoured at the bicentenary in 1836. The true date was 1832 and Roosevelt had not made that mistake when he had addressed the not very cordial *alumni* in 1936.

But Bill Hassett's duties were not merely to make literary conversation. He had to protect the President against intrusion, to deal with the Secret Service whose duty it is to protect the President (and whose dislike of the credit-grabbing proclivities of the Federal Bureau of Investigation is revealed). He had to discuss the arrangements for moving the President from Washington to Hyde Park (in those remote days it was taken for granted that movement had to be by train). He had to fend off the press and did it so successfully that, when the correspondents were in attendance at Warm Springs, they resented being called away from a party to a special briefing. The briefing was to inform them that the President was dead.

In collaboration with the devoted White House female staff, Bill Hassett had to deal with the guests. There were many royal guests, most of them welcome, especially the Norwegian royal family, and evidently the President took a democratic pleasure in making them feel at ease in the presence of a ruler so much more powerful than they. Even the formidable Queen Wilhelmina was less of a nuisance than had been feared. The two guests who, in very different ways, gave trouble were Madame Chiang Kai-shek who overstayed the very faint welcome she was given (and is the subject of some very acid notes indeed) and Sir Winston. 'Churchill is a trying guest—drinks like a fish and smokes like a chimney, irregular routine, works nights, sleeps days, turns the clock upside down'. A slightly later entry gives Hassett a chance to quote from his beloved 'Ingoldsby'.

> In social habits F.D.R. is no match for W.C., who is the embodiment of the character Mr. Ingoldsby calls 'a certain Count Herman,
>
> A highly respectable man as a German
> Who smoked like a chimney, and drank like a merman'.

There were other guests troublesome for different reasons, like Molotov and de Gaulle, and Hassett's Catholic principles drove him to irony when a set of house guests included divorced couples, all married again and all, the old and new partners, on the most amiable terms.

But Hassett's job was not the higher housekeeping any more than it was literary chat. Domestic politics kept on creeping in to a degree that would have been thought intolerable in war-time England. The Democratic Party in New York was not a happy ship and, as Roosevelt thought, as a result of Mr. Farley's mismanagement, the State was lost to the Republicans in 1942 and Thomas E. Dewey was elected Governor. He was to be F.D.R.'s much detested opponent in the presidential election of 1944, and on that campaign there is a good deal of light thrown, although none on the still burning question of why Mr. Henry Wallace was dropped as vice-presidential candidate and replaced by Senator Harry S. Truman. More light is cast on the bitterly debated question of Roosevelt's health as he ran for the fourth time and it is hard to decide whether Hassett ever believed the cheerful tidings he gave himself. (The admirable photographs tell a grim story.)

Mrs. Roosevelt dashes in and out, covering the whole world. There are complaints about the White House catering (fully justified from all accounts). There are notes of the effect of war-time restrictions even on the President's household. There is the news, first of all uniformly bad, then less bad, then good, from the battlefields, ranging from the Pacific to the Nile and the Volga. F.D.R. discusses Wilson's mistakes; they will be avoided; but what he says casts an interesting and unimpressive light on his own powers of foresight. The fourth election comes, the fourth inaugural, Yalta and the holiday at Warm Springs. By this time Hassett is convinced that the President is dying, but no one save a medical attendant can be told and when the blow comes it is crushing. The centre of the diarist's life has gone. This is a fascinating, touching, illuminating book, much better edited than is customary in books of this kind. It will not shake the permanent Roosevelt haters, but it will make the doubtful understand some of the power of the man who played so great a part in American and world history.

D. W. BROGAN

Wash and Brush Up

Clean and Decent: The Fascinating History of the Bathroom and the Water Closet. By Lawrence Wright. Routledge and Kegan Paul. 30s.

IT IS AN ILLUMINATING commentary on the English sense of humour that once or twice in each decade we are the recipients of a popular treatise on closets—water, earth and miscellaneous. Inevitably, there is a certain repetitiveness. Yet we all enjoy being reminded of the ingenuity of Sir John Harington, the poetic deviser of the W.C., of Sir Hugh Myddelton, the purveyor of pure water to London (he comes off rather badly in Mr. Wright's book), and of Mr. George Jennings, the evangelistic inventor of the public convenience. The truth is that closets are good clean fun, from the rumbling gurgles of the syphonic cistern to the three-seater family model of 'The Specialist'. Mr. Wright has done his job well and thoroughly. But he has spiced up a limited subject with a history of baths, bathrooms and toilet accessories. Indeed, the development of balneology, from the baths of

Caracalla, eight times the size of St. Paul's, to the second smallest room in the house, is an epic well worth telling, and illustrating. The younger members of my family counted some thirty 'feelthy pictures' before they gave up.

The English delight in the humours of sanitation is perhaps no accident. Once the Romans were out of the way, in sanitary matters we have led the world, if not always in elegance, at least in practical efficiency. The long and short hoppers, the valve closet, and water-borne sewage systems are the products of English sanitarians and legislators, engineers, plumbers and potters. Royal patronage has not been lacking. In 1246, King Henry III wrote thus to Edward FitzOtho:

> Since the privy chamber in our wardrobe at London is situated in an undue and improper place, wherefore it smells badly, we command you on the faith and love by which you are bounden unto us, that you in no wise omit to cause another privy chamber to be made in the same wardrobe in such more fitting and proper place as you may select there, even though it cost £100.

As a complement to the industrial revolution and its squalors, England was in the nineteenth century the home of the sanitary revolution. Mr. Wright describes the squalors well enough. And he gives long overdue credit to the old and much abused Metropolitan Board of Works and Joseph Bazalgette, their chief engineer, who created the sewers of London. But Sir John Simon, the originator of our sanitary legislation, escapes without a mention.

Alongside this practicality, there has aways been a mixture of coarseness and gentility. On the one hand, we find the English re-christening Sherborne Lane, 'once a long bourne of sweet water', Shiteburn Lane. On the other, even our medieval ancestors were indulging in polite euphemisms. To the nobles and monks of those days, a privy was a 'necessarium' or a 'garderobe' (wardrobe), the exact equivalent of our modern cloakroom. Our priority in the invention of the water closet is now internationally acknowledged in the world-wide use of the euphemistic letters 'W.C.'.

Neo-classic bathroom in the Pitti Palace, Florence
From 'Clean and Decent'

As an architect, Mr. Wright properly shows the scope which the design of the pedestal closet offers in the sphere of visual art. It is a pity that in our modern streamlining we have forgotten that an object of utility can also be a thing of beauty. The Dolphin, the Pedestal Lion, the Lambeth and the Mulberry Peach were charming examples of the potters' craft, and the Art Nouveau lavatory of 1907 must remain a delight to its possessors even today. In the naming of their products, the sanitary engineers still manage to impart a lyrical quality. In a new architects' catalogue, we find the Lotus, the Apex, and the Oponwa closets, the Mutona silent syphonic W.C., the Zenith pedestal, and the Unidart, the Unisyla, and the Pluto systems. In bath nomenclature, the manufacturers' imagination soars higher. There are the Magna and the Mermaid, the Atlanta, the New Envoy and the Viscount, and, perhaps a trifle decadent, the Saville, the Langdon, and the Vogue. If the coming of the porcelain enamels has knocked the romance out of bath design, poetry still breaks in.

Altogether, Mr. Wright and his publishers have done a fine job. If the text in places is patchy and jejune, if threads of thought are sometimes hard to find, it matters little. For this is illustrated social history, with all its squalor, humour and delight, a picture-book of sanitary progress, with few punches held. Even the illiterate can laugh and learn from Mr. Wright's pages.

TAYLOR

Russian Giants

Tolstoy or Dostoevsky. By George Steiner. Faber. 30s.
Tolstoy. By Theodore Redpath.
Bowes and Bowes. 10s. 6d.

These two books are as different as could be. Mr. Steiner is amateurish, enthusiastic, and stimulating; Dr. Redpath is professional, cool, and unexciting.

At one time, comparing Tolstoy and Dostoevsky was a favourite occupation of Russian literati, and Mr. Steiner, following their lead, works up to the enquiry 'whether Tolstoy or Dostoevsky gave the truer image of human nature and the more prophetic account of history'. Like most of his predecessors, he considers them essentially religious artists, and naturally favours Dostoevsky. This is unfortunate. Though Dostoevsky's religious preoccupations are fundamental to some of his chief novels, religion is not the basis of *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina,* and such a comparison is inevitably unjust to Tolstoy at his most creative. Most modern criticism of Tolstoy suffers from ignorance of some of the classic Russian appreciations, such as those of Leontiev and Veresaev. Probably Mr. Steiner's failure to do full justice to the Tolstoy of *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina* is a sign of the times—he notes that Tolstoy sometimes seems old-fashioned. While Kierkegaard and Nietzsche appear frequently, he has only one insignificant reference to Bergson, the currently unfashionable philosopher who is closest to the essential Tolstoy.

But Mr. Steiner is right in deploring the timid reluctance of modern critics to grapple with the novels of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, and the larger and better part of his book is a brave and at times brilliant attempt to do this. Developing the concepts of Tolstoy as an epic or Homeric writer, and of Dostoevsky as a tragic dramatist, he combines a wide range of comparisons in American, English and French literature with close analysis of illustrative material—the opening chapters of *Anna Karenina* and *The Idiot,* the closing chapters of *The Possessed.* This combined method is highly successful (though here too Mr. Steiner is more at home with Dostoevsky than with Tolstoy), and occasional misleading comments—'the Russian novel did emerge out of Gogol's *Cloak*', 'Tolstoy was not a satirist', 'Dostoevsky knew the works of Sade'—are outweighed by many penetrating insights. Particularly striking are the treatment of Tolstoy's unjustly neglected plays and of Dostoevsky's background of Gothic melodrama, while again and again a detail of observed parallel or turn of phrase hits sharply home: the Underground Man leads not only to Kafka but also to Thurber; in the Dostoevskian monologue 'a human being dances around its own soul'.

Frankly acknowledging ignorance of Russian, Mr. Steiner declares that his book can therefore 'be of no real value to scholars of Russian and to historians of Slavic languages and literature'. In fact, though he may have been too impressed by those Russian critics, such as Merezhkovsky, who have been translated, the better part of his analysis of Dostoevsky stands comparison with the work of such later Russian scholars as Bem, Bakhtin, Grossman, and Mochulsky, whose writings he evidently does not know. His book is certainly far livelier.

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FABER

ASSES AND ANGELS

By PODALIRIUS

Cleopatra, it is said, bathed herself for beauty's sake in the milk of an ass. Plutarch could have done justice to that bath; but does not, though Cleopatra flits through his pages. And the general theme of the external use of food and drink was worthy of Montaigne or Sir Thomas Browne, though neither seems to have shared my view.

Of all such improprieties the use of beefsteaks for black eyes is the best known. Less credible is the use of neat whisky foot baths to harden the skin on the feet of Scottish hikers.

One need not too curiously enquire into the origins of these various strange usages of food and drink. Before scientific medicine and the pharmaceutical industry, all that people had to hand as medicaments were herbs and the contents of the larder. If something soothed your stomach, it would surely soothe your skin. If it inflamed the one, it might do as much for the other. This might be called A Pathetic Fallacy; but Cayenne pepper nevertheless figures in many anti-rheumatic creams, and rightly so. Moistened oatmeal again is used as the basis of a lady's face pack; and presumably fills out the face as it does the stomach. Also recommended for the face and scalp is yolk of egg with olive oil. One can conjecture how they first came to be so used if one recalls how easily mayonnaise can go awry.

It is women who chiefly practise these simplicities, for it is they who have the care of two of life's greatest and often associated delights—the larder and their own beauty. Better even than to have glimpsed Cleopatra in (or out of) that bath of hers is to observe a beautiful woman emerging from her larder with rudiments of one's next meal. Less pleasing is to watch her emerging with a foodstuff for application to the watcher. As a child, I often with secret scorn witnessed my mother selecting goose fat to rub on my allegedly weak chest. May I now, as a grown-up doctor, make amends? Penicillin was discovered in a laboratory in the world's biggest city; but many many years before its discoverer was born, country women were keeping wounds clean by applying mouldy bread to them. How blind we were, we scientists, we men! For the mould was a penicillium, which produces our penicillin, which also keeps wounds clean. How many similar great remedies are lying fallow, each in the mind of some old lady, whom her male peers think merely tiresome when she advises the third jar from the left for her grandson's distemper? "*Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem*" is a good motto for scientists.

* * *

Indeed, Podalirius, many an old "country cure" taken from a well-stocked larder may contain more science and less folly than is generally realised. But food to-day, like everything else, is not quite what it was. Just as appetizing perhaps; but over-cooking and over-processing can often render it deficient in vital nutrients. So, to help bring back its country goodness, try sprinkling a little Bemax on your food each day. It's stabilized wheat germ, pure and simple—the richest natural vitamin-protein-mineral supplement known to man.

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included in an excellent bibliography, Dr. Redpath's little book is very comprehensive. After competently demolishing Tolstoy's ideas, the author treats the whole of Tolstoy's fiction in some forty tightly packed pages, and concludes with concentrated notes on Tolstoy's life and times. The whole is uncommonly desiccating. Despite Dr. Redpath's scholarship, his criticism is commonplace, and muffled at crucial points; for all his strict philosophy, he overworks the vague and feeble word 'fine'. Dr. Redpath's academic scruples are proof against all Tolstoy's blandishments; Mr. Steiner—'Great works of art pass through us like storm-winds'—would no doubt make him wince. Mr. Steiner vividly (and rightly) describes the terrifying *Death of Ivan Ilyich* as a masterpiece; for the squeamish Dr. Redpath, 'Such experiences [Ivan Ilyich's death] scarcely bear thinking of'. One book, with all its virtues, is born dead; the other—with all its faults—bursting with vigorous ideas.

MICHAEL FUTRELL

For the Defence

A Voice from the Cell. By Saverio Montalto. Translated by Archibald Colquhoun. Hutchinson. 15s.

THIS EXTRAORDINARY and fascinating document comes with a commendation from Alberto Moravia, who first published it in his review *Nuovi Argumenti*. Unlike the all too common pictures of squalid Italian life which post-war Italian films and fiction have made familiar, this book does not deal with the lowest classes; its characters can afford domestic servants, and the narrator, who wrote the book as an appeal to the judge on a charge of murder (replicas of the official documents are given) would have been prosperous if he had not been mercilessly sponged upon by his relations. His great obsession—a case for the psychiatrist, as the judicial authorities recognized at the trial—was with his sister; his long story of maddening frustration deals chiefly with his concern for her happiness and the persecution she suffered from her husband and her appalling mother-in-law. The evident truth to life of this record of Sicilian lower-middle-class life in the later years of the Fascist régime is most impressive. But the sordidness is relieved by an occasional sentence that reveals an acquaintance with Plato or European history, or a charitable analysis of the underlying causes of the gangster mentality. The writing is of high quality; it resulted in the author's acquittal, and it is only at the very end that we learn that Saverio Montalto had previously written stories. So that, while this is quite clearly a genuine 'human document', some imaginative experience and art have gone to its composition.

ALEC RANDALL

Law without Order

Edward I and Criminal Law. By T. F. T. Plucknett. Cambridge. 16s.

THIS IMPORTANT LITTLE BOOK by our most distinguished living legal historian may be briefly described as 'Vintage Plucknett'. Originally delivered as four lectures at the Queen's University of Belfast, it owes something to the lively discussions which they provoked and which, the author tells us, have contributed to the final form in which it appears. The warning is needed, for though in substance they are both profound and witty, they are in form somewhat allusive, not to say discursive, and only in Lecture Four do we reach Edward I. The first three lectures survey aspects of the criminal law from the dawn of Anglo-Saxon history, say, A.D. 600. The pioneer in this field was, of course, F. W. Maitland, and the author is at pains to chronicle the progress made since that great scholar first brought the history of law into the normal curriculum of medieval history. The book is thus a brilliant running commentary upon the early history of criminal law. As such it is both stimulating and provocative, but its contents do not lend themselves to easy summary. A few highlights may be mentioned. In Lecture II the author has some interesting things to say about Maitland's ideas on the fragmentation of public authority in the late Anglo-Saxon period; in Lecture III he discusses the penitential system and the influence of Canon law, and thenceforth there is a good deal about the jury and the ordeal. At any point he is ready to look backwards or forwards, as when on page 67 he tells us that that venerable officer the escheator is permanently commemorated in the English language by the word 'cheat' which served to describe his activities; or (page 31) when he comments upon the fine incurred by one who had done work on a Sunday, according to a Law of A.D. 695: 'this unholy alliance of the common informer and sabbatarian legislation was to last in England another twelve and a half centuries until 1951'.

Here then, the author of that most tough and systematic volume, *The Legislation of Edward I* (1949), has let himself go and we are very much his debtors; for in these days of specialization on short periods, only the legal historians have the courage or capacity to think of English history as a whole.

Yet books on early legal history have their own dangers, for they are of necessity somewhat abstract, and even anachronistic, since their thinking always presupposes the fully developed Common Law which was the final result. The history of law is not the history of England, and the straight historian is left wondering what was the actual relation of all these legal subtleties to the 'practical, ever pressing problem of criminal law enforcement'. For most of the period the procedure was a mixture of barbarism and superstition, while evidence that early 'codes' and 'legislation' [*sic*] were enforced is woefully scanty. What all our sources—bar the legal sources—insist upon in the Middle Ages is 'the lack of governance', and the prevalence of gangsterism. If, as Miss Cam insists, Edward I could scarcely maintain law and order at a decent level, what are we to think of other periods? Professor Plucknett is, of course, alive to all this, and we may hope that in his next lecture series he will get down to the vital question of the relation between medieval law making and law enforcement. Meanwhile may one suggest that in the first reprint of this book a reference to the sadly overlooked Statutes of Exeter would strengthen the argument on page 85?

V. H. GALBRAITH

Rogue's Progress

Senator Joe McCarthy. By Richard Rovere. Methuen. 18s.

BETWEEN 1950 AND 1954 Senator Joe McCarthy delighted the enemies and horrified the friends of the United States; during those years he seemed the most powerful voice in the most powerful country of the free world, paralysing the administration, the presidency and the foreign service, and throwing into disarray much of American education, the arts and mass communications through his reckless accusations of the presence of hidden communists. In his lifetime he was less a person than a personification of the paranoid suspicion and heresy-hunting which so frequently, so nearly universally, are the shadows cast by deeply held ideologies, whether religious or political. Although he was completely discredited in 1954, after the televising of his dispute with the U.S. army, and died, a relatively obscure failure, two years later, his name still survives as a symbol of all the illiberality and cruelty which accompany the United States's turning the opposition to the threat of the U.S.S.R. into a question of faith, rather than one of patriotism, treating communists as devils rather than as enemies.

Because for so many McCarthy's symbolic role overshadowed his actual life and works, Richard Rovere, the acute and entertaining political correspondent of *The New Yorker* and *The Spectator*, has done a useful service in presenting the facts of his life, in so far as they can be discovered. His early years are still hidden in considerable obscurity; it might almost be said that he had no private life; but from his first gaining public office as a circuit judge in 1939 at the age of thirty-one till his

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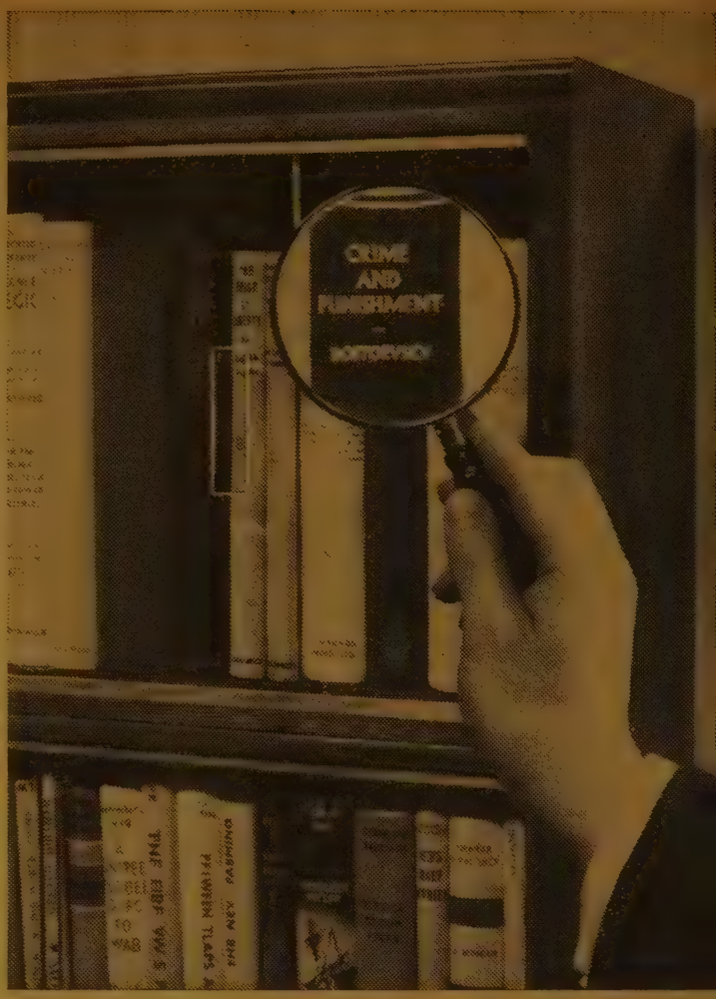

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death seventeen years later, the record is pretty full, and Mr. Rovere has documented it with clarity, wit and elegance. His book is amusing and instructive reading. All the important ascertainable facts, one would think, are here; one learns what McCarthy did and how he did it; what one does not learn is why this complete cynic and hypocrite, without integrity of any sort, without education, without valid information, was able to wield such fantastic influence and inspire such peculiar loyalty. To answer these problems was not the purpose of Mr. Rovere's book; and Mr. Rovere is such a civilized person that he cannot, apparently, take seriously McCarthy's appeal to many, though he can appraise the panic he engendered.

McCarthy, it would seem clear, was a spell-binding, charismatic rogue with a great appeal to citizens who felt themselves obscurely ill-used, of a type which has not been infrequent over the last century or so in financial frauds in nearly all the industrialized countries. In Britain Horatio Bottomley was a very close analogue, both in behaviour and in influence; and McCarthy's early years in office seemed to offer a parallel to that of Bottomley, a career of selling influence and justice for hard cash. But in 1950 he moved beyond simple fraud and peculation; he discovered that in the second half of the twentieth century publicity and power offered more far-reaching rewards than did money (a fact which the socialist parties of the world seem still not to recognize); and he used his arts of confusion, flattery, cozening, bamboozling and blackmail to acquire these goods, rather than just the money which, had he been less reckless financially, was his for the accumulating. As such, he was the first modern rogue; and his career offers a cautionary tale of considerable importance, particularly for those who consider money the only source of power.

Another point which Mr. Rovere ignores is the extent to which Senator McCarthy was influential in introducing communist concepts and values into American political and judicial thinking. By giving a platform and wide authority to communist renegades who still thought as Marxists, he introduced those concepts of guilt by association and guilt by intention which have always been a feature of political trials and disputes in Russia, but not, until McCarthy, in countries with legal systems deriving from Roman law. Although he was, it would seem, only interested in his own career, McCarthy did the state some disservice in his time.

GEOFFREY GORER

History in Verse

Poetry and Politics under the Stuarts
By C. V. Wedgwood.
Cambridge University Press. 25s.

'THIS IS THE RHYMING AGE'. Dr. Wedgwood quotes this saying of a 'university wit' in the latest of her excellent books on the seventeenth century that now come tumbling from the presses. This was the age of John Cleveland, an underrated Royalist poet, who was saved from prison by Oliver Cromwell, of John Milton with his solemn sonnets, of Andrew Marvell, whose satires contributed to the Glorious Revolution, and of John Dryden, whose marble verse has outlived his curious political predilections. But there were minor figures too: Abraham Cowley—he may have polished his anti-Parliamentarian poems about the Civil Wars after the restoration of King Charles II—George Wither, the Parliamentary poet who according to Aubrey 'would make verses as fast as he could write them', and Sir John Denham, the Royalist who pleaded for Wither's life when taken a prisoner desiring 'his majesty not to hang him, for that while George Wither lived he should not be the worst poet in England'.

Out of these poets and the ballad-mongers of this time Dr. Wedgwood has constructed a lively historical commentary. It opens with King James I being greeted exuberantly by Thomas Dekker:

> Blest God, when we for fear scarce looked to have seen Peace's moonshine
> Thou send'st from the North, past all our hopes,
> King James his glorious sunshine.

In the next reign the poets at first looked for the blessings of peace, that were to be blasted by the storm over Scotland. Only the Reverend George Herbert noted in 1633 that

> Religion stands in tiptoe in our land
> Ready to pass to the American strand.

The Civil War rallied sophisticated poets and popular versifiers to both sides, with the advantage to the Royalists, even though John Milton and Andrew Marvell were Parliamentarians. They had to await the Protectorate of Cromwell—who 'first put arms into religion's hand'—for their muse to be invoked.

With the reign of King Charles II—'the easiest Prince and best bred Man alive'—whose accession was greeted with what we now call 'double-talk', political satire 'came of age'. Here is a striking 'lampoon' quoted by Miss Wedgwood:

> I'll have a religion all of my own
> Whether Popish or Protestant shall not be known,
> And if it prove troublesome I will have none . . .
> I'll wholly abandon all public affairs,
> And pass all my time with buffoons and players,
> And saunter to Nelly, when I should be at prayers.

Meanwhile Marvell was reminding the King's subjects in his famous *Dialogue between two Horses*

> I am for old *Noll*
> Tho' his government did a Tyrant's resemble
> He made England great and his enemies tremble.

Marvell and others sharpened the Whig protest against the Catholicizing tendencies of Charles II and his brother, though it was a jingle, 'Lillibullero', that is supposed to have 'sung James II out of three kingdoms'.

The hero of the book is undoubtedly Marvell, whose verse about King Charles I's martyrdom still lives, who saw and praised the greatness of the Lord Protector, who refused sycophantically to greet Charles II, and lived long enough to shake him on his throne. He is contrasted with the great Dryden and the Royalist hacks: 'remote from the empty triviality of a later epoch', says Dr. Wedgwood, he may have felt too 'the deeper bitterness of a poet who sees the art which he loves debased to unworthy uses'.

MAURICE ASHLEY

Those Were the Days

I Am My Brother. By John Lehmann. Longmans. 25s.

THIS IS THE SECOND HELPING of Mr. Lehmann's autobiography. Its author has been for so long at the centre of English cultural life that it might seem risky, if not impossible, to say anything about him or his work which he himself has not already said. Reading these memoirs, I was at first somewhat irritated by a certain blandness, a discreet formality, a lack of humour, a certain literalness and amplitude of style; but I later realized that this is the art that conceals art, and that this style is highly appropriate to what is, after all, virtually an official war-history of the London cultural front. One does not expect charm in an official war-history. Like some other distinguished leaders, Mr. Lehmann is confident that all his geese are swans; and he tends to see people in terms of the poems and manuscripts which they wrote and he printed. Even when he refers to his own emotional and spiritual life, as he does at one point, he contrives, by a skill which one may find maddening but cannot help admiring, to remain impersonally unruffled and to tell us nothing at all.

And yet how effectively this measured prose takes me back, to those years when, timid and muddled in ill-fitting 'forage' cap for ever flopping into soup or mud, I huddled in corners of Naafis and turned over, with greasy fingers, the blurred economy pages of the latest *Penguin New Writing*: advertisements for shaving soap on the back cover and, inside, Spender, Plomer, Fuller, Fanfarlo, Sargeson and the rest. Those were the days, and Mr. Lehmann has a right to his almost Churchillian pride in them. While Ensa and 'Itma' frolicked for the many, Mr. Lehmann, through black-out and buzz-bombs, kept literature alive for the few (and not so few at that). When an American reviewer (quoted in the book) said reverently of the latest batch of *New Writings*

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to cross the Atlantic 'these have come through', he might have been talking about vital despatches.

And so, in a sense, he was. From all over the warring world, from convoys tossing in Atlantic storms, from the desert, from the mines, from dreary Nissen huts stranded in bleak counties, from hospitals, from airfields, the despatches came in. And Mr. Lehmann sorted, encouraged, corrected, and above all, despite paper-shortages and bombs, printed them. The most impressive, and the most revealing, story Mr. Lehmann tells in this book is not about himself but about Dame Edith Sitwell reading poetry in London during a doodle-bug raid.

> As she reached the passage
>
> Still falls the Rain—
> Still falls the blood from the Starved Man's wounded side:
> He bears in His heart all wounds—
>
> the rattle grew to ominous proportions, and it was impossible not to think that the monstrous engine of destruction was poised directly overhead. . . . Edith merely lifted her eyes to the ceiling for a moment, and, giving her voice a little more volume to counter the racket in the sky, read on. It was a magnificent performance, worthy of a British Admiral coolly dictating orders from the bridge in the middle of a fierce naval engagement. She held the whole audience in the grip of her discipline, the morale of her unspoken asseveration that poetry was more important than all the terrors that Hitler could launch against us. Not a soul moved, and at the end, when the doodle-bug had exploded far away, the applause was deafening.

Besides being a chronicle of the literary war effort, *I Am My Brother* (title from a poem by Capetanakis) may also be read as a contribution to the higher gossip. Those who want to get on vicarious Christian-name terms with Tom and Stephen and Cyril will find a positive orgy of delight—lunches at the Ivy, parties, country house week-ends beside peaceful rivers. Those whose names figure in the index will of course have an added interest. For students of the literary history of the second world war the book is an important document. Those who fall into none of these categories may sometimes be baffled. Yet none, I think, can fail to acknowledge Mr. Lehmann's single-minded dedication to the cause of letters. It is probable that, but for him, some of what was written in those days might not have been as good as it was, and might even not have been written at all.

K. W. GRANSDEN

New Novels

Ritual in the Dark. By Colin Wilson. Gollancz. 18s.
The Ballad of Peckham Rye. By Muriel Spark. Macmillan. 15s.

COLIN WILSON'S NOVEL is, as one expected, a study of an outsider looking for outsiders. The narrator, Gerard Sorme, a young would-be writer, suffers a series of 'vastations' of an existentialist kind (sense of alienation, awareness of the Absurd, etc.) which seem to be pointing him the way towards superhumanity, the release of the full human potential which everyday life denies him. He meets and studies three potential co-workers in this pursuit of transcendence, a half-crazed old man, a recluse painter and a wealthy young dilettante, all violently at odds with society, and so conceivably on the same quest as himself, and all also potential suspects in a recent series of Jack the Ripper murders. His other human contacts, for instance with the two women who become his mistresses, he treats as casual and irrelevant phenomena. The old man is soon found to have nothing to offer and before long the painter fails him too—he has too much sentimental human involvement to qualify for outsidership. There remains his third friend, Austin Nunne, who dominates both him and the book. Friendship with Nunne brings Gerard back to life after a period of spiritual deadness; and it seems to Gerard that Nunne, with his pursuit of 'extreme' situations (he is an avowed homosexual and covert sadist) and his curious resemblance to Nijinsky, one of Gerard's heroes, may well be the spiritual explorer and collaborator he has been seeking. The police investigation begins to close in on Nunne's probable guilt whilst Gerard's investigation closes in on his claims to outsidership. Gerard concludes his first. Mass-murderer or otherwise, Nunne fails the outsider test, and Gerard abruptly loses all interest in him. It has been another disappointment, though also another step forward.

It is a well thought out and original plot, and certain things in the book, for example the revelation of what Nunne's true intentions towards Gerard have been, come as excellent and subtle dramatic surprises and make me think Colin Wilson could one day be a novelist to reckon with. He is not quite that yet. He stuffs in irrelevant detail, on a very rudimentary theory of what makes a novel. Further he has not much idea what to do with his observer-hero, and in place of the drama of Dostoevskian self-discovery we get a charming but slightly comical narcissism: Gerard is always confiding in us about his bicycle and his dirty laundry and what he does in the bathroom. Some parts of the novel are much better written than others. Often the talk is stumbling debating-society stuff; but sometimes, for instance in the scene in the brothel, when the radiant and ambiguous figure of Nunne, a Nietzschean superman in the disguise of Nijinsky's faun, appears to Gerard in a vision, he has taken trouble with his prose and gets his effect extremely well.

Clumsy as the book is in various ways, I found it exhilarating reading. One expects a prophet of anti-humanism to be filled with agony and pessimism in the face of everyday human futility; but what in fact shines out of this book is a buoyant Edwardian optimism. Gerard, with his vision of liberated human potentiality, seems like the boy with the wonderful invention—some time-travel machine or anti-gravity device—in a novel by H. G. Wells. He knows it will work, the theory's sound; what he needs is collaborators. And he goes about, with unwearied optimism, unperturbed by setbacks, explaining his discovery to everyone in sight. What might have been antinomian ruthlessness and a nihilistic contempt for common humanity comes out as the natural impatience of the eager, unshaven inventor.

The *Ballad of Peckham Rye* is one of those pretty toadstools that sprout on literature's bark. The hero is another rubber-faced renegade intellectual, something like J. P. Donlevy's Ginger Man, the appointed scourge of simple, blinkered, ordinary mortals. He exhibits the bumps on his forehead where the horns were removed by surgery, and in fact he leaves behind enough destruction—a nervous breakdown, a murder, etc.—for a minor demon. As an intellectual teddy-boy he is played off against a real razor-slashing one and wins hands down (the two have a final burlesque skirmish with nuns' bones in a 'Freudian' tunnel under Peckham Rye). Muriel Spark's black humour is gaily and impartially implacable, and though we sense the implied treason of the clerks in the idea that an intellectual is bound to be better at anything, including moral thuggery, if he sets his mind to it, it does not worry us. What is not quite so acceptable is the social snobbery implied in treating working-class surroundings in a mock-pastoral vein—'The Rye's lyrical acres', etc. She does not work this very hard, however (not half as hard as Arnold Bennett used to) and her story bounces along with immense verve and brilliance and trickiness.

P. N. FURBANK

Among other books received are *A Dictionary of Rhyming Slang*, by Julian Franklyn (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 21s.); *Carthage*, by B. H. Warmington (Robert Hale, 21s.); *The Cockpit of France*, by Jacques Fauvet, translated by Nancy Pearson (Harvill Press, 16s.); *The Sciences Were Never at War*, by Sir Gavin de Beer (Nelson, 30s.); *Dmitri Shostakovich*, by D. Rabinovich (Lawrence and Wishart, 18s.); and *Renaissance Handwriting*, by Alfred Fairbank and Berthold Wolpe (Faber, £3 3s.).

* * *

There are nineteen essays contained in the volume of *Elizabethan and Jacobean Studies, Presented to Frank Percy Wilson in honour of his seventieth birthday* (Oxford University Press, 42s.). There is also a select bibliography of Professor Wilson's writings compiled by Mr. H. S. Bennett. The essays include: '*A Mirror for Magistrates* Revisited' by Dr. E. M. W. Tillyard; 'Shakespeare's Reading in Chaucer' by Mr. Nevill Coghill; 'Hume's History of the Reign of James I' by the late Mr. Godfrey Davies; 'Donne's Poetry in the Nineteenth Century' by Professor Kathleen Tillotson; and, 'Memories of Harley Granville-Barker and Two of his friends' by Professor John Dover Wilson.

We regret that the review, by Dr. Enid Starkie, of *My Poor Arthur* has been unavoidably held over.

Doing Cambridge Proud

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CAMBRIDGE HAS BEEN done proud by archaeologists, antiquaries, and social and art historians of every kind in the past few years. It is only a twelve-month since the relevant and very adequate volume in the *Victoria County History* appeared, and at a physically and financially less weighty level there have been Professor Pevsner's excellent and up-to-date architectural Penguin, and the new issue in the *Little Guides* of Messrs. Methuen. Now we have the present ponderous but mentally stimulating volumes, the most comprehensive, scholarly and attractive that the Commission has as yet produced. The happy owner of all these works might indeed think himself well found, yet even at this time of day his shelf would not be full without the classic work of Willis and Clark and (for moments of relaxation) the original text of E. Conybeare in the *Highways and Byways* series, with its beautiful pencil sketches by F. L. Griggs. In this particular field of historical and architectural publications Oxford can show no comparable galaxy of books.

Downing College

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With such a wealth of text and illustration, it is hard to make a beginning. Perhaps the scope of the work demands notice first. As most readers are aware, the deadline for qualification as a historical monument has since the war been brought forward from 1714 to 1850. At the same time a new fashion in aesthetic appreciation has developed, which regards all past modes of artistic expression as phenomena to be approached with an open mind and ready sympathy. Indeed, one wing of this school, of which Mr. John Betjeman is standard-bearer, may almost be said to admire most what yesterday was taboo. The Commissioners remain Olympian, but they have dutifully, nay hospitably, welcomed a number of monuments from which their fathers would have averted their eyes and thoughts, and the lover of old Cambridge may find illustrations or plans of such romantic edifices as the Railway Station (Mon. 85), the Lodge of the General Cemetery (Mon. 74) and the Former Female Refuge (Mon. 91).

Such things, however, are no more than crumbs from the banquet. The colleges, the university buildings, the Roman remains, and the urban antiquities are all treated with an amplitude and a magnificence that leaves the reader in amaze. One might have thought that Mr. Saltmarsh's pages on King's College in the *Victoria History* had exhausted the theme, but here we have forty pages of text and fifty pages of plates (twenty of the glass alone). This lavish supply of plates has often great documentary value; thus the series of views of Clare College enables one to see, even more clearly than by perambulation, the minute differences between the parts. The selection of details for illustration has been uniformly happy—chapel monuments, panelling, doorways, cupolas and ceilings have been isolated from their context and set side by side for comparison. There will be very few, even of knowledgeable Cambridge men in middle life, who will be familiar with all the details of beauty here displayed, and among the monuments themselves, how many of those familiar with Merton Hall know Chesterton Tower? How many can recall without difficulty the carved panels of St. John's Old Bridge, the bench-ends at Jesus and the monuments of John Wordsworth and Dobree at Trinity? How many Trinity men know the misericords at King's? How many King's men are familiar with Little Trinity, or with the parish church of which the Commissioners write that 'the form of the building is reminiscent' of their college chapel? To search with a microscope for omissions would be a thankless and ungracious task, but has all mention of the prison by Parker's Piece and the governor's house dropped out? One reader at least would have been grateful for an illustration of the Long Gallery at Emmanuel to set beside its elder sisters at Queens' and St. John's, and a Peterhouse man would have welcomed a plate of the chimneyed south range from the Fellows' garden, or a detail of the buttery wall to illustrate the description of the oldest academic masonry in Cambridge.

The letterpress is as rich in detail as the illustration. Few will wish to 'go right slap-bang through' it, but everyone interested in Cambridge should read the extremely clear and comprehensive archaeological and architectural survey with which the volume opens, and which in modern centuries groups objects in periods and classes. As for the detailed accounts, they follow a regular pattern through the colleges, churches (done with exceptional care), and secular buildings. Having acquired momentum, the compilers often take in their stride dates and additions made since the closing date of 1850, while the charming photographs of the iron bridges of Silver Street and Garret Hostel have already a nostalgic appeal.

As one reads, one begins to marvel at the wealth of England, and especially of such a centre of informed and varied taste as Cambridge, in works of art and architecture, and particularly in masterpieces of the woodcarver's, plasterer's, sculptor's, and ironworker's crafts, and above all at the achievement in all the arts of the period between the Restoration and the French Revolution. Alike in stone and brick and marble and wood and iron, that age reflects a harmonious, civilized, Augustan blend of dignity and elegance. Every reader must feel regret at the rigid anonymity of this great work. We are not even told who was responsible for this or that section, or for the final selection of the plates. No doubt Mr. Geoffrey Webb, Mr. A. R. Dufty, and Miss Dallas deserve a large share of the credit, but the amount of work done by their assistants must have been prodigious. The price of this book, when compared with others of such weight and beauty, is astonishingly small.

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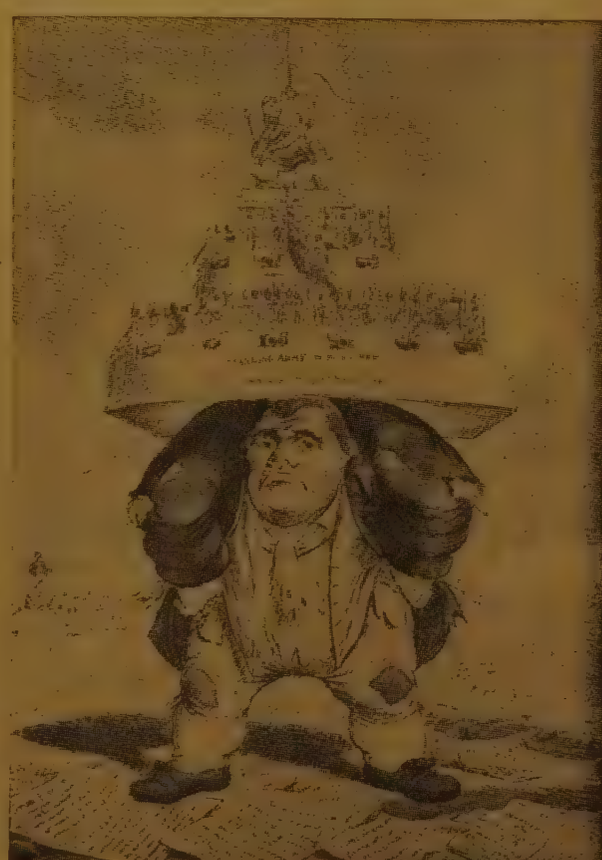
THESE HANDSOME and absorbing volumes have many delights. Most immediate and the first is the superb collection of almost 200 plates, most of them from the British Museum, many of them unfamiliar. The second is the vivid and pungent running commentary on events which is provided not only by the caricaturists but by Mrs. George herself. The third, and most lasting, is the exciting sense of recovery of much that is buried and lost in the past. History, which is usually broken up into historians' paragraphs, becomes a sequence of presents, each of which dissolves before it has had time to establish itself. There is a remarkable difference between using examples of pictorial propaganda to illustrate what historians already know and seeking, as Mrs. George does, to find a pattern in the 'shifting kaleidoscope'. Her experience and scholarship are a guarantee that her volumes will make historians think as well as teach them how to see. Some historians may be tempted to discern more of a pattern than she does. Her strictly chronological treatment gives her little opportunity to stop and summarize, and she is so concerned with the sequence of dissolving presents that she says little about basic shifts and longer trends. She is aware nonetheless of their existence. Sometimes she jumps across the centuries and compares the way in which caricaturists treated the South Sea Bubble and the financial crisis of 1825. Often she shows how persistent were historical memories: Fox, for instance, was freely compared with Cromwell in 1784. What caricaturists 'remember' about the past—and how far back their conception of the relevant past goes—is as interesting to the historian as their grasp of the present. Sometimes she reveals how historical characters, whose roles were quite different, were subject to somewhat similar methods of pictorial treatment. Thus, for example, Hugh Peters was given the same kind of treatment—pictorially speaking—as Laud had been. Lastly she traces the emergence and development of some of the most familiar symbols of English pictorial propaganda, like Britannia, who did not appear in 'cartoons' until after she had been personified on medals, and John Bull who had a curiously confused adolescence before he grew up in the nineteenth century as a stock figure.

The plates, of course, do not always speak for themselves even when they are supplemented by squibs and captions. They pose difficulties both in their framework of allegory and metaphor and, particularly in the case of the later 'cartoons', in their range of reference to incidents which are forgotten and to people who have never made their way into the history books at all. It is in this sense that these volumes succeed in recovering much that otherwise might be lost. What was once immediate and clear-cut to the men of the present becomes oblique and often obscure to succeeding generations. Mrs. George is an excellent guide to changing frameworks and ranges of reference. Indeed, she is more concerned with the historical significance of pictorial propaganda than with the particular talents and techniques of the artists. The sub-title of her volumes is 'a study of opinion and propaganda'. Her frontispiece is Wenceslaus Hollar's engraving of 1641 with the apt theme 'The World is Ruled and Governed by Opinion': her last illustration is one of Robert Seymour's numerous lithographs concerned with the Reform Bill of 1832, often regarded as the greatest of all triumphs of opinion. Between the dates of these two 'cartoons' English pictorial satire had waxed and waned. In 1641 it was manifestly inferior to that of more than one country on the Continent: in 1832 it was once again eclipsed by that of France. Why? Why also was there a 'classic age' of English caricature in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries before coloured etching in the Gillray tradition was killed by more sober 'Victorian' lithographs and the rise of regular pictorial journalism? Mrs. George provides tentative answers, but they could be considerably expanded. She does not examine sufficiently systematically the changing concept of 'opinion' itself. In consequence there remains a great gap between other historians' studies of the structure of politics and her vivid account—and the cartoonists' often conflicting accounts—of what John Taylor in 1642 described as 'Mad Fashions, Od Fashions, All out of Fashions, or the Emblems of these Distracted Times'.

ASA BRIGGS



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Three days later Aimee stumbled into Agua Prieta on the Mexican side of the border, stating that she had escaped from her kidnappers and wandered for fourteen hours in the desert. Despite this experience, there was no trace of perspiration on her clothes and she was not suffering from thirst. The description of the shacks in which she had been held corresponded to none in the neighbourhood and no item of her story could be corroborated.

While Aimee demanded the arrest of her kidnappers, the police were more concerned with the inconsistency of her story and the evidence which accumulated of her having been seen in the company of a lame man, Kenneth G. Ormiston, the engineer of the Angelus Temple radio station, during the time in which Aimee claimed to have been held by the kidnappers.

From July 6, when Aimee and her mother were subpoenaed to appear before the grand jury, until January 10 of the next year, when charges against everybody were dropped on the ground that the evidence had been so confused that no conviction could be secured, the Aimee Semple McPherson kidnapping case was front-line news in all United States newspapers. Every evening after the hearing Aimee herself would go on the air, giving her own version of what had happened during the day, comparing herself to Jesus Christ

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and her trial to the Crucifixion, only her trial lasted longer.

Mr. Lately Thomas follows the threads of this *cause célèbre*, from day to day, less concerned to discover what actually happened than to trace the repercussions of fact and fiction, truth and perjury on politicians, policemen, lawyers, religious leaders and the general public. The result is a fascinating dissection of Californian society during the 'twenties.

The reader is left to guess for himself what actually happened. Based upon Mr. Thomas's clues my theory is that Aimee, who had just returned from a tour of the Holy Land, planned a nation-wide fund-raising tour of the United States and thought that if she disappeared, this would give her the sensational publicity she needed to draw record audiences. Mother Kennedy and Ormiston were her accomplices. While Mother Kennedy organized the hunt for the drowned body, Ormiston and Aimee could lie low in Carmel, higher up the coast. Unfortunately from their point of view, police suspicions were aroused and no death certificate was granted. The connexion between Aimee and Ormiston was suspected. It became dangerous to continue at Carmel and Ormiston drove her south so that she might be discovered in some canyon near L.A. bound and gagged. A journalist stopped his car and recognized him on the way. Ormiston headed north again and the two agreed to separate, Aimee making for Douglas on the Mexican border.

Minnie Kennedy went ahead with the memorial service and as soon as possible after that Aimee reappeared. The fake kidnapping had not been well enough planned and police suspicion hardened. Aimee realized that the stakes had been raised. Her publicity had become world-wide, but she faced utter ruin if exposed. She fought back with every weapon in her armoury, perjury, blasphemy, demagogy, the corruption of witnesses and the manufacture of evidence. She mobilized religious prejudice, embroiled a Supreme Court judge and brought political pressures to bear. And finally she won, not through being acquitted but by having so bedevilled the issues that no one could disentangle them.

No victory is secured without casualties. Six men in prominent positions were publicly ruined and eleven people lost their lives. But Sister Aimee had secured millions of dollars' worth of publicity. The legal expenses according to Mother Kennedy amounted to $100,000; but against this must be set the $169,000 for non-payment of tax on which she was sued by the revenue bureau.

Whatever theory the reader may evolve to explain the mystery of the kidnapping, Minnie Kennedy, ex-Salvation Army lassie, and her daughter, Aimee, who at an early stage of her career was sufficiently devout to go with Robert Semple her first husband as a missionary to China, must remain enigmas of religious psycho-pathology, far more puzzling than Joanna Southcott, Madame Blavatsky, or Mary Baker Eddy.

ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL

Mr. Raymond's World

The Doge of Dover. By John Raymond. Macgibbon and Kee. 18s.

IT IS A DELICATE TASK to review Mr. Raymond for, putting three or four grand old men *hors de concours*, he is himself probably the best reviewer of his sort in England today. Softlee softlee. His speciality is the discursive essay, centred less or more closely upon some recent publication or republication but not a straightforward review, that graces the middle pages of the *New Statesman*, *The Times Literary Supplement*, or *History Today*. But all is not grist to his mill. His is a world of hard clear outlines, deliberately chosen, and he does not elect to step outside them.

It is a world, in the first place, of achievement—of solid achievement and not mere experimentation. Mr. Raymond is not the man to pick out the young unknown. Miss Compton-Burnett he can dismiss as 'bizarre'. He *can* praise a person younger than himself (though one feels that he might prefer not to), but it is rather in the spirit in which the old guard reluctantly accept the necessity of new recruitment. Miss Iris Murdoch, for instance, is hailed on the strength of her first four books as 'the foremost novelist of her generation', and so is Mr. Angus Wilson of his, and this is because they have 'sufficient energy and moral seriousness to re-vitalize the great tradition'. But he is happiest in the nineteenth and early twentieth century, when 'success' was perhaps more four-square and unquestionable than it can ever be today.

It is a world, moreover, of men—of men as distinct from women, indeed as apart from women, a certain peculiarly English immaturity being either the cause or the result of that, and leading to an indefinite extension of the monasticisms of school into the unladied life of clubs; into politics, and conservatism in politics, and into religion, and catholicism in religion. Mr. Raymond's three essays on 'The Zeitgeist' turn out to be concerned with Renan, Jowett, and Mark Pattison. 'Which Zeit?' one may ask. And yet he is far too individually himself to dwindle into a party man. Churchill is his hero: but Lloyd George lags not far behind.

And yet, if by 'men' we mean the species rather than the sex, it is essentially less a world of men than of books. Mr. Raymond is the perfect bookman, his reading extraordinarily wide, remarkably well-deployed. He admires action from a leather chair. And, as he is a reader, so are his essays written for readers, not for writers: they look backwards into what has been done, and well done, but not into what is to do or still a-doing.

It is a closed world, therefore, but decidedly well-furnished. Once we begin to know our way about it, we are unlikely to be surprised but may expect gratification. In *The Doge of Dover* Mr. Raymond is acute on 'The Imperial Dream', ridiculously funny about Sir Lewis Namier (in a mock-up company report of 'The twenty-ninth annual general meeting of L. B. Namier, Ltd.'), less acute on Swift, who is both the wrong century for him and the wrong size. Not a book to be swallowed at a dinner, but good for elevenses now and then.

HILARY CORKE

We regret that, by a printer's error in the review of *Gothic Cathedrals of France and their Treasures* which appeared in our last issue, the number of illustrations in the book was given as 146 instead of 461.

Ends Meet

My grandmother came down the steps into the garden.
She shone in the gauzy air.
She said: 'There's an old woman at the gate—
See what she wants, my dear'.

My grandmother's eyes were blue like the damsels
Darting and swerving above the stream,
Or like the kingfisher arrow shot into darkness
Through the archway's dripping gleam.

My grandmother's hair was silver as sunlight.
The sun had been poured right over her, I saw,
And ran down her dress and spread a pool for her shadow
To float in. And she would live for evermore.

There was nobody at the gate when I got there.
Not even a shadow hauling along the road,
Nor my yellow snail delicate under the ivy,
Nor my sheltering cold-stone toad.

But the sunflowers aloft were calm. They'd seen no one.
They were sucking light, for ever and a day.
So I busied myself with going away unheeded
And with having nothing to say.

No comment, nothing to tell, or to think,
Whilst the day followed the homing sun.
There was no old woman at my grandmother's gate.

And there isn't at mine.

FRANCES BELLERBY

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Ahead

How far ahead are you? Are you ahead of me? Are you further ahead than you were last year? Or just that much older and sadder and richer? *In which direction does 'ahead' lie?* Can you point it on the map, like north or west-by-south-west?

Or are we being a trifle solemn? Perhaps we are. At any rate the B.B.C. has made itself responsible, at one remove, for a curious competition, organized by the *News Chronicle* which offers £5,000 to the man or woman who can best satisfy the judges that 'he or she can successfully and efficiently use the prize money to get ahead'. We have seen two of the eight heats so far (Thursdays) and six contestants, all remarkably inventive, industrious, and ambitious. Great credit goes to all of them; less, I feel, to the judges. As with most contests without a long history or tradition, the general effect is curiously makeshift and arbitrary. An aspirant is slapped down by Sir Miles Thomas one evening for having two irons in the fire; next week he rules out another for having only one.

The clear winner of the six was Mr. J. T. Slater, a young farmer who wished to use the winnings to clear hill-bracken in Lakeland. Now with all due respect, that was a purely sentimental decision; and one is all in favour of sentiment in most contexts, but precisely *not* in the hard-headed world of get-ahead. Two of the judges were evidently at home in the field of industrial engineering (it was not clear that the third was so well informed): it was doubtful whether they were competent in the question of agriculture, and to say that Mr. Slater's efforts would be of the most benefit to his country may or may not have been true but was in any case irrelevant. The brutal question was, where would each judge have chosen personally to invest £5,000 of his own good money? Not, I fancy, in the tricky business of hill-clearance, which has broken many a heart and pocket. And one is forced to add, for good measure, that Mr. Slater alone had no new technique or tool to offer but was relying on methods used, sometimes with success, sometimes not, by many others before him. (These remarks, I must emphasize, are not to be taken as reflecting in any way adversely on a highly energetic and sympathetic young man.)

Inconsistency degenerated into farce when it turned out that one of the judges was incapable of adding up to fifty and allotted a total of nearly sixty marks instead—which hardly impressed one with her nicety of judgment in the delicate financial matters she was called upon to assess. And needless to say no one else on the programme noticed until it was too late to do anything about it. This, however, is pin-pricking. What one really feels is that it is questionable whether the degree of disappointment occasioned to the losers, who suddenly see the private dreams by which they live exposed to the cold air of public criticism, may not far offset any encouragement given to the solitary winner. There is something a little sinister about programmes that visibly and publicly interfere with private destinies. But the great public, of course, is reckoned to adore them.

This is stuffy-week for me. So I will go on to be stuffy about the second of Richard Dimbleby's holiday programmes, 'No Passport'

Mr. J. T. Slater, a young farmer, winner of the first heat of 'Get Ahead' in the series 'On the Spot'
John Cura

(February 24). David Dimbleby (an undergraduate) and Jonathan Dimbleby (a schoolboy) were followed round on a fortnight's holiday to the Lakes. They went by car, stayed in hotels costing up to £3 per day for each of them, and presented papa on return with a bill for between £70 and £80. Surely this was an appalling example? If this was intended as a sample holiday for young persons, then it should have been adjusted to a normal young person's economy, with stays in youth-hostels and so on. If it was intended as a sample holiday for adults, then adults should have been sent on it.

Playfully incriminating himself a fortnight ago, my colleague Mr. Wardle wrote: 'Of all the mean tricks practised by reviewers, perhaps the most outrageous is that of attacking a new work by sneering at its blurb'. I do no that he should accuse himself: a blurb promise, and we are here to see that pron are not broken. For the second time rece most of the quoted phrases in the advance licity of 'Face to Face' (Sunday, February failed to appear in the actual programme. cannot imagine why not; the matter i minor importance but nevertheless distrac for one waits with half an ear for their ar and is disappointed when they fail. The i view itself, with Henry Moore, was excelle always, though one may feel that Freeman little less happy with artists than with k and politicians.

Similarly 'It Happened to Me' (February was not really a life story of Ernie Thomas canal-man but a (very pleasant) general documentary on our canals past and pre impressed into a series to which it did not r belong. To justify its place it would have ne a shift of emphasis towards the personalit Mr. Thomas which, as it was, hardly eme with individuality. So again the clash of expe tion with fulfilment was needlessly distractin

It was very right of 'Panorama' (Febr 22) to bring in John Freeman to interview Foulkes of the Electrical Trades Union. I k of no other interviewer in the country could have been trusted to handle the m with that necessary combination of cold ho precision and scrupulous personal politeness

Hilary Cor

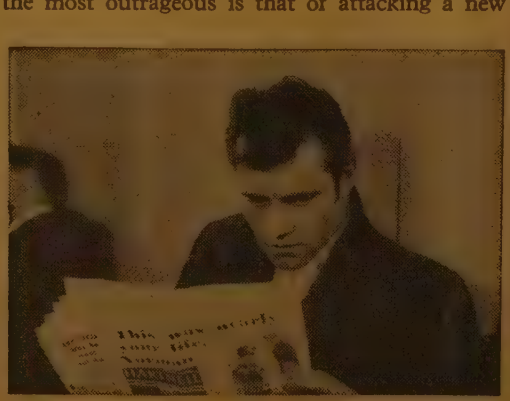
DRAMA

Serviceable Revi

One of television's services to the dr public has been the revival of works by Manchester playwrights, which have other principally survived in performance by ama northern groups and in school readings of *Grand Cham's Diamond*. One can see rea for the neglect; their dialect apart, the plays tended to exercise a banefully anti-theat influence, and it happens that the best know them—*Hindle Wakes* and *Independent Me* for instance—have dated more conspicuo than the lesser-known pieces. Granada, I bel were the first to realize how much good mat lay gathering dust, and they embarked o series of immaculately stylish revivals of s little-known plays as Allan Monkhouse's *Education of Mr. Surrage* and *Mary Broon* the second of which burst on the public astonishingly prophetic of the work of J Osborne.

The B.B.C.'s revival of *The Conquering* (February 28) is unlikely to raise Monkhou stock any higher. The play, which in 1924 him his greatest success in the theatre, chi in all too closely with the mood of post- disillusion that, four years later, was to c R. C. Sherriff's *Journey's End* to its huge c mercial success; and now it seems blinkered its period in a way that his earlier plays not. Its personages are undisguisedly the spo men of jingoist conformity, and the naked science, and one has to take a great imagina leap nowadays to comprehend a society wh members are at liberty to choose whether or to soil themselves with war.

All the same, even in voicing a large pu emotion, Monkhouse retained the prickly n conformity of outlook which gives his work



'Panorama' on February 22: teenagers interviewed by Ludovic Kennedy in the Elephant and Castle district

rruptible truthfulness and which has always rred it from wide popularity. Again and n one finds that characters in a crisis will outbursts of emotion with some careful ifying phrase. And, in spite of the pre-nce of black and white characterization, stopher Rokeby, the pacifist son of a mili-y patriotic family, is guiltily obsessed by sm and cowardice which prevent him from ing any effective defence against the family's pproval. He is a direct descendant of the ched Leonard in *Mary Broome*—'I'm not that—I'm not like the things that I do'.

ut he should be a more sympathetic figure the emptily loquacious posturer Richard o made him in John Gibson's stolid pro-ion. His tortured self-questioning carried ittle conviction that one saw him through family's eyes as a self-styled artist tiresomely tched with the cadences of his own voice. naginatively shot in medium close-up, the luction contained two things of distinction— Rogers's performance as the bewildered er, and the marvellous scene with the sian officer played by Kenneth J. Warren a deadly courtesy utterly free from stereo-d associations.

his production was the first of a triptych he 1914-1918 war in the 'Twentieth tury Theatre' series, the other plays g *Journey's End* and Miles Malle-s *The Fanatics*. I applaud the idea, I regret that by the inclusion of the ular Sherriff play, the chance of re-ng J. R. Ackerley's superb and ected work, *The Prisoners of War*, been allowed to slip.

lichael Cahill's *Gracie*, presented teen months ago, was a fine austere y of working-class family life that ned to mark a television début of real ortance. I still hope so, but in *A nce to Live* (February 23) Mr. Cahill moved a few degrees up the social e and entered the world of the senti-tal novelette. His play tells the iliar story of the withering spinster, ding her existence between the filing net and the gas-ring, who at last finds someone who puts her in touch with life. The fact that the catalyst is a woman friend, and that Miss Thorpe winds up still married to the office does not make the play any less soft-centred. Some of the business scenes are handled with documentary conviction, but the action contains major implausibilities of behaviour. The play's chief merit is that it gave Jean Anderson, that artist in exasperation, the opportunity for another display of crabbed virginal compulsiveness.

Pirandello's *Lazarus*, held over from earlier in the month and presented well outside peak hours on February 22, had been taken, rather too solemnly I think, at its text-book value—the most complete expression of Pirandello's religious views. The plot concerns a religious fanatic who, after denying his sensual nature until middle life, loses his faith on being revived from death by a timely shot of adrenalin. This collision between the absolutes of reason and science furnishes the pretext for extended passages of fundamentalist disputation. George R. Foa erected the intelligible delivery of these above all other considerations, and the resultant atmosphere was that of an Ibsenite drama with unseemly descents into low comedy and melodrama. Pirandello demands a brilliant style with deliberate accentuation of contrasts, and frank employment of swaggering and gesticulation; his declared wish was to revive the skills of *commedia dell' arte*. Denied such a style, Mr. Foa's cast—excepting Maxine Audley—hovered indecisively between idioms, trying to keep up the tone of the proceedings and sometimes—as in the case of Duncan Macrae's Diego — failing ludicrously to do so.

Scene from *The Conquering Hero* with (left to right) Richard Pasco as Christopher Rokeby, Paul Rogers as Colonel Rokeby, Ellen McIntosh as Margaret Iredale, Barry Letts as Captain Francis Iredale, Jill Dixon as Helen Thorburn, Martin Boddey as Sir John Romer, and Ambrosine Phillpotts as Lady Romer

William Sherwood as Mr. Crosby and Jean Anderson as Winnie Thorpe in *A Chance to Live*

first episode of *Emma*, with (left to right) Raymond Young Mr. Elton, Perlita Neilson as Harriet Smith, Diana Fairfax as Emma and Leslie French as Mr. Woodhouse

Malcolm Stewart's sententious and ill-constructed thriller, *The Return of Peggy Atherton* (February 27), displayed Geoffrey Keen's ability to lift apparently hopeless material into dramatic life. Finally, let me put in a word for Vincent Tilsley's serialization of *Emma* (February 26) which promises to let us hear half an hour of civilized English every week.

IRVING WARDLE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Great Anarch

IT IS REGRETTABLE but not surprising that no furious deputations of respectable citizens are reported to have marched on Broadcasting House to protest against the production of *Ubu Roi* by Alfred Jarry (Third, February 23). Of all plays it needs audience participation to the point of riot, being specifically designed to insult, disgust, outrage, and scandalize right-thinking bourgeois persons. The effect could perhaps have been achieved if it had been slipped on the air without warning instead of the news or a religious or boxing programme, but I admit that this could raise administrative problems. As it was it came under the flag of 'Art—Anti-art', a course of historical broadcasts about movements of rebellion in art and literature sometimes lively but often mere archaeology.

It was demonstrated that there is plenty of life, fun, nonsense, and cause for offence left in *Ubu Roi* after sixty years. The play is more psychologically and politically subversive than aesthetically revolutionary. There is, of course, ripe parody of romantic sword-and-cloak historical drama, and Jarry broke a china cabinet of theatrical conventions in order to make his audience sit up and take the insults personally. But the technical shock tactics are less important than the scurrilous Saturnalian attack on propriety and the anarchistic onslaught on finance and grave matters of government. Ubu is the Id triumphant, infinitely greedy, filthy, cowardly, and infantile. His question: 'Isn't it better to have wrong on your side?' is no joke. He is the great Anarch whose abolition of the rich and the magistrates has the chorus and us on his side. And his downfall comes only when he is soft-hearted enough to go to war because 'you are

all so keen on it'. There is the spirit of Voltaire as well as of Rabelais behind his flow of abuse at us joltheads, jobbernols, and viedazes.

The translation was excellent, mixing schoolboy ribaldry with fine pomposities like: 'Fatal imprudence. I shall never see you alive again'. And the production was robustly farcical, using ironical music aided by whistles, motor horns, and cuckoos, and an ingenious battery of effects with precise slapstick timing. Maurice Denham as Père Ubu and Betty Hardy as his wife were suitably rowdy and uncontrolled; John Hollis as King Venceslas and David Spenser as Bougrelas clowned royally, and the nobility, peasantry, armies, and populace snarled, cheered, and quailed as vilely as could be desired. In fact the whole affair had a vulgar holiday mood about it not to be associated with the recitation of a work important in modern theatrical history, and all the better for that.

Exercises in Style by Raymond Queneau (Third, February 25) was also translated by Barbara Wright, clearly with much freedom and fresh invention. The notion of producing dozens of variations on a single incident sounded pedantically daunting in advance, but provided forty minutes of witty entertainment. The gay elegance of the writing and the brilliant versatility of the performances made one wish that those responsible for most revue sketches and many variety series could be encouraged to learn from it.

Perhaps we are less outraged by Ubu than we might be because 'The Goon Show' has been getting at us for so long. This week's attack of it (Home, February 25) seemed clearer than usual, but was rich in wild poetry, anarchist sentiment, and cruelly undermining jokes about jokes not being funny. I notice that when the audible audience is clouted over the head more roughly than usual it claps instead of laughing. A defence mechanism, perhaps?

I could not take *Before Sunset* by Gerhart Hauptmann (Home, February 22) very seriously. It had a well-built plot and actable moments of battle. If a business man patriarch fell in love with a young girl, I suppose his docile family could well turn and rend him as they do in this play. But the patriarch seemed to be asking for trouble, and phrases about 'turning mother's picture to the wall' are absurd even when used in irony. As in much of *The Forsyte Saga* there is no tragedy unless you share the system of values with regard to property and tribal family life held by the characters.

The Stockbroker's Clerk (Light, February 23) had Carleton Hobbs as Sherlock Holmes making all things clear to Norman Shelley as Dr. Watson. It isn't one of the best stories, but was duly unrolled in a leisurely, ritually old-fashioned style which preserved the right flavour.

New series need time to settle in, and should not be nagged. The first number of *Guilty Party* (Light, February 24) in which we are supposed to compete with experts in detecting a fictional crime was easy for the experts though not for me. The off-the-cuff cross-examination by the panel has possibilities, if the time factor doesn't spoil it. *We're in Business* (Home, February 26) is beginning its run and has Peter Jones and some good moments. While we are reserving judgment, I hope that the script-writers will treat the jest of the aging amorous spinster gently. It has grown frailer since the days of *The Mikado*.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD

Modern Times

MODERN TIMES have been the main theme of talks and features in the past few days; and Mr. Baily opened the innings (Home Service, February 21) with his 'Scrapbook for 1919'. This was a repeat of the programme I missed last September, but it gives me a chance to say that, in my late night Home Service moods, I have always enjoyed these *bombes surprises*. Well, perhaps Christmas puddings is a happier simile, for the programmes are rich and fruity and the mixture (dare I say it?) tends to be rather the same from year to year. Anyway, I pulled two sixpences out of the last pudding: Whitten-Brown's reminiscences of his transatlantic flight, and Frank Kelly's account of rescuing De Valera from Lincoln prison. (Some 'whodunit' writer might well remember to take impressions of the chaplain's keys with the candle-grease at mass.) There was also a florin among the sixpences: Sir Harold Nicolson's recollections of Versailles, with Woodrow Wilson in button boots and Clemenceau, in a richly brocaded chair, watching him with hooded and cynical eyes.

Sunday night was full of good programmes, and I had to skip the last pages of the 'Scrapbook' in honour of Mrs. Pandit on the Third. Michael Edwardes questioned her on 'Independence and After', in an interview which sadly confirmed how few and far between born interviewers are. The first essential in such a *viva* is surely to make the most of the person questioned; and Mr. Edwardes not only lacked sympathy, he persistently aired his own theories, and expressed them (I thought) in a donnish and clumsy manner. As for Mrs. Pandit, she made circles round him, and saw her country in an admirably international perspective. She presented a fine case for more lower-level education in India, and for an abiding relationship with the Commonwealth.

The same evening, on the Third Programme, Mr. Arthur Koestler spoke on 'The Age of Discretion'. He would, we were told, 'take a cheerful view of the beneficial effects of living under the threat of extermination'. I could not see, for the life of me, how he was going to do so; but he did in fact leave me with unexpected confidence after his reflections on the post-Hiroshima age. If there was any philosophy in 'Candlelight Evening' (Third Programme, February 22), it was one of morbid resignation. This was the eighth programme in the series 'Germany Today'. To me its peculiarly Teutonic gloom fitted in all too well with the mood of the earlier German programmes. Heinz Huber's elegy was imperceptibly translated by Christopher Holme, and read by Brian Wilde with appropriate weariness.

Another all-too-contemporary piece was 'The General Strike' (Home Service, February 24): a documentary on the nine-day crisis of 1926. There was an air of sober authenticity about this feature: no B.B.C. men-in-the-street and no fading-in of angry crowds, shunting engines or rattling trams. Instead we were given an account as factual as *The Times*. Lord Brabazon (who had been in charge of the docks) recalled how he had shipped young technicians down river at dead of night to work the cranes. ('Occasionally', said one of them, 'a huge side of beef would fall into the dock; but we didn't lose much, on the whole'.) We heard how Mr. Gaitskell, as an undergraduate, had kept communications open between Oxford and London, and how Sir Lewis Casson (not Sir Hugh, *pace Radio Times*) had volunteered as a chauffeur and translated a French play at the wheel. We heard how respectable men in lemon gloves had stoked up boilers on trains, and how (a typical English touch) there had been a football match, strikers *v.* police, at Plymouth, with 10,000 spectators. (Football addicts note: the strikers won.) There might have been more women's voices for the sake of variety; and, to one listener, there was not nearly enough change of pace in the programme. It was a heavy-weight slice of history. But Mr. Symons had gone far afield with his tape-recorder, and he did give us food serious thought.

And, finally, since I am being topical, I say a word about the B.B.C. and the royal We were certainly given the full treat Audrey Russell, complete with vacuum flas the steps of the Victoria Memorial, and C. Day Lewis busting out all over (Home vice, February 19) with royal gold daff curtseying leaves, crowning events and course, birthday honours:

You princely babe, you pretty dear,
For you we bring
The birthday honours of the quickening year.

Oh, Mr. Day Lewis, couldn't you do j teeny bit better than that?

JOANNA RICHARDS

MUSIC

Lucretia and Ot

FOR ONCE—and one is almost pl to be able to say it—the 'Thu Invitation Concert' (Third gramme) was not the most exciting mu event of the week. That was, without que Britten's *Rape of Lucretia*, of which the T broadcast a recorded studio performanc February 21. This was essentially the re which Charles Mackerras conducted at burgh last year, with Norma Procter as Luc and Forbes Robinson as Collatinus. It woul dishonest on my part to pretend that wh heard it there the new cast quite came up t recollections of the original production; per one tends to overpraise what one can no lo have, but it did seem to me that somethin both freshness and authority had been lost. this broadcast performance brought us some fine singing indeed—finer in almost every I think, than it had been at Aldeburgh.

Freed from the embarrassment of movi let alone acting—on the tiny stage of the Ju Hall, the singers were able to give all their a tion to the magnificently vocal music Britte lavished on them, and the central grou Lucretia, Collatinus, and Tarquinius (O Kraus was the one remaining member of original cast) emerged with their full sta It is the two Choruses, however, who hav face the toughest competition from memory, neither of them on this occasion quite achi the monumental blend of observation and p cipation that Joan Cross and Peter Pears or ally brought to these difficult roles. For opp reasons, though: Judith Pierce seemed detached, while George Maran, sensitive a as he clearly is, was too eagerly engaged in drama to give us the ultimate serenity of '*not* all . . . '. But how crazy it is that English Opera Group should not be in a p tion to establish a continuous and defin tradition of performance for Britten's op Let us hope, at any rate, that the recent br casts of *Peter Grimes* and now *Lucretia* are the beginning of a series. A studio perform of *Billy Budd*, above all, would do somethin compensate for its shameful absence from stage of Covent Garden.

Much of the unique quality of the 'Thur Invitation Concerts' has come from the that performers have been found to suit programmes, not the programmes devised to the performers. This may be why last Th day's concert, evidently drawn from the re tory of the Hamburg Bach Orchestra, see rather a let-down. Not that this is less than of the best of the chamber groups that sprung up all over Europe since the war, bu stylistic range is simply not broad enoug span the centuries with the ease and autho that this programme demanded. Robert S and his players proved to be most at hom the eighteenth-century concerto grosso repert

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ELIOT reading his own works
ve Song of J. Alfred Prufrock. Portrait
ady. Preludes. Mr. Eliot's Sunday
g Service. Ash Wednesday. A Song
eon. Marina. Triumphal March from
an. O Light Invisible from The Rock.
s from Murder in the Cathedral. Chorus
he Family Reunion. TC 1045

CE: ULYSSES
an McKenna and E. G. Marshall give
and beautifully characterised readings
Molly Bloom and Leopold Bloom
ies. TC 1063

POETRY OF COLERIDGE
lph Richardson reads in its entirety
ncient Mariner, together with Dejection,
e. The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan.
ime-Tree Bower My Prison. Frost at
ht. TC 1092

W
pple Cart—Interlude.

ARD
Coward and Margaret Leighton
n the hilarious Interlude between King
s and his mistress, and combine their
for a rendering of Noel Coward's own
ticated verses: The Boy Actor;
g is Lost; Honeymoon; Mrs. Mallory;
stion of Values; Do I Believe?; Letter
he Seaside, 1880; 1901; A Lady at a
TC 1094

RAVE'S
EN TREASURY
Bloom, Eric Portman and John
e read a generous selection from this
anthology of English lyric poetry,
ing The Passionate Shepherd. It Was
er And His Lass. Go And Catch A
Star. Song For Saint Cecilia's Day.
hea From Prison. On A Favourite Cat.
nd Mary. She Walks In Beauty. La
Dame Sans Merci. To A Skylark.
n, 1802. Kubla Khan. Tears, Idle Tears.
Beach. And many others.
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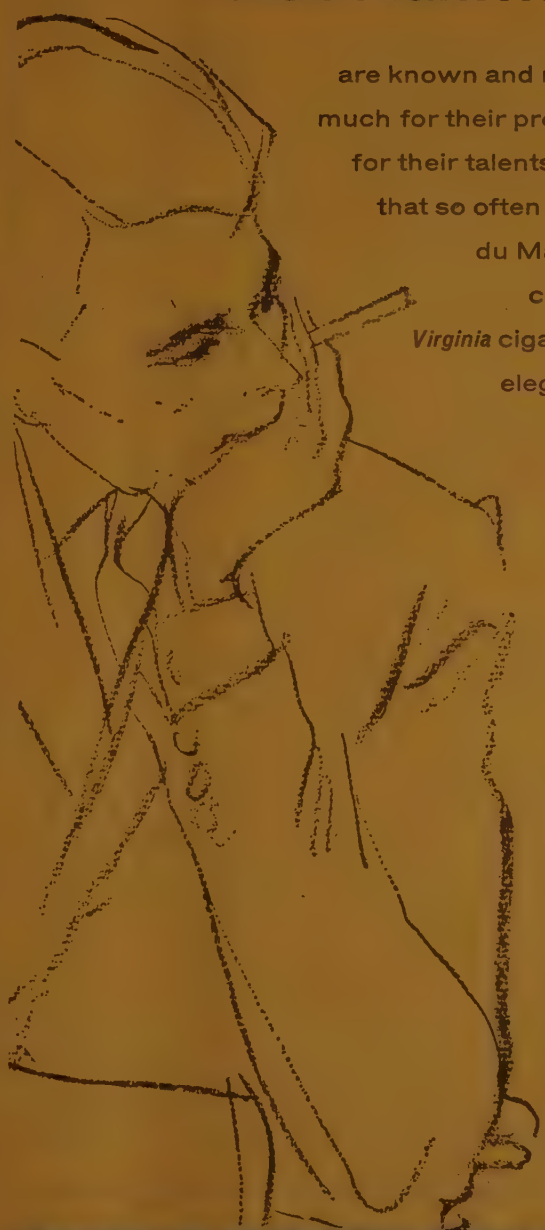

are known and respected as much for their preferences as for their talents. Interesting that so often they choose du Maurier, those cool-smoking *Virginia* cigarettes in the elegant red box.

du MAURIER

THE FINEST FILTER-TIP CIGARETTE

Did they say the French bomb

was made of uranium or plutonium? This is only one of the problems presented by living (if you can call it living) in this world. Briefly, it is the problem of keeping in touch.

Keeping in touch, to begin with, with the facts of what is happening in the world—the world of politics and events, of international crises and bombs, fashion and sport, of the theatre and music and films, of books, of people, of justice and injustice, of black and white. Keeping in touch, again, with the trends. You know who Jackson Pollock is (you do, don't you?) but do you know why? You know the difference between Brecht and Stanislavsky; but do you know which theatrical groups in Britain follow which method? (The answers, we suspect, are none and neither respectively.) You know what is going to happen in Kenya; but do you know how and when, and who is against it and why? You know what the Labour Party is doing to itself, but do you know what will be the outcome of it all?

We would like to offer ourselves as professional touch-keepers. We are the Spectator, a weekly magazine written by people whose eyes and ears—and minds—are constantly open, and whose antennae (we look rather odd, but we don't mind that) are the most sensitive in the business. Every Friday, in the Spectator, touch is kept in with politics and books and the arts and foreign countries and the law and the kitchen and everything else that touch needs to be kept in with. And who does the keeping? Here are just a few names from our recent issues: Kingsley Amis, Evelyn Waugh, Roy Jenkins, M.P., A. J. Ayer, Dan Jacobson, Chief Luthuli, Michael Foot, Sir Alan Herbert, D. W. Brogan, Anthony Crosland, M.P., Angus Wilson. Our 'regulars' include Alan Brien on the theatre, Peter Forster (his latest novel is doing well, they say) on television, Isabel Quigly on films, Bernard Levin on practically everything, Raymond Postgate on eating, Cyril Ray on drinking, Katharine Whitehorn on a woman's world, Leslie Adrian on matters of Consuming Interest, Monica Furlong on Parents and Children, and cartoonists and caricaturists Quentin Blake, Maurice Bartlett and Trog. Not forgetting the inimitable Portrait of the Week, which really does paint that elusive subject's picture—warts and all—in 600 deftly-chosen words.

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S.143

The Handel and Vivaldi concertos in the first half of the programme were played with a solidity of tone and technique that were most refreshing after the slick superficiality of certain Italian groups, while the Second Brandenburg benefited from an excellent quartet of soloists, including that master of the high trumpet, Adolf Scherbaum.

Yet in earlier and later music these Hamburg players seemed a good deal less happy. Purcell's Pavane and Chaconne are essentially chamber music; they can be played by a band, of course, but this tempts most conductors to destroy their intimate directness with an exaggerated range of tempi and dynamics—which is precisely what happened on this occasion. In texture the six-part Ricercar from Bach's *Musical Offering* is more old-fashioned still; its rich polyphony does not call for a string band, in which the top parts are relatively stronger than the middle and lower ones, but for a solo group or (best of all, to my mind) an organ of the right kind. Of the two twentieth-century pieces in the programme Hindemith's *Trauermusik* for George V can be admitted at this distance of time to be merely utilitarian, while Stravinsky's charming Concerto in D needs far more fine-drawn elegance than this group could bring to it. Altogether this was a worthy rather than an illuminating occasion, and worthiness is something that the Thursday Concerts must exclude as firmly as total incompetence.

Of the current crop of anniversary celebrations I must postpone the discussion of programmes of Chopin and Wolf until I have heard more of them; the ones devoted jointly to Arne and Boyce have proved enjoyable, even if they revealed no hitherto unsuspected heights or depths. In each, a pair of Boyce's trio-sonatas, nicely played by the Basil Lam Ensemble (a stronger adverb would be out of place), flanked a of Arne's songs (Third Programme). B singers, Gerald English and Ann Dowda shown real feeling for the music's style was the former who succeeded better in b these souvenirs from Vauxhall to life; a t nervousness in Miss Dowdall's approach nically quite unnecessary, I am sure) these artful-artless songs of their freshnes

Alan Lomax's two programmes on N folk-music (February 27, Third) had taneity built in, of course, and that is enough to guarantee enjoyable listening time; but over and above that they str as an extraordinarily successful demon of how a living popular tradition c out of the most diverse cultural strands. musicology at this level makes fas broadcasting.

JEREMY N

British Concertos for the Pianist

By SCOTT GODDARD

Lennox Berkeley's Piano Concerto will be broadcast at 7.50 p.m. on Saturday, March 12 (Third)

IN A RECENT ARTICLE in a London daily newspaper the writer regretted the neglect of the pianist by British composers of the renaissance at the turn of the century and went on to explain that although once we had our Sterndale Bennett, the concert-goer of our day could hardly be expected to take an interest in the piano works of Stanford and Parry, of Holst, Delius, and Vaughan Williams. One shares the writer's regret, and would leave the matter there, hoping that things will change and in the meantime taking what sustenance we can find in the piano music of the next batch named in the article: Bax, Berkeley, Tippett, and Iain Hamilton. But there is a catch somewhere. Something is missing from that first list from Stanford to Vaughan Williams; and it does not take long to discover where the catch is. The one great name, that indeed of the most outstanding composer of British piano music at the turn of the century, has by an amazing chance been omitted. And if you omit John Ireland from an inquiry into the state of our piano music then, you leave out of account the most significant figure among British composers for that instrument. He more than anyone else brought this type of composition back into circulation, giving it a quality and character it had not known before.

Ireland's Piano Concerto is dated 1930. It is preceded by the main corpus of his solo pianoforte music, a lively incarnation in terms of music of the visions of a poetic mind, visions of great variety whether one thinks of the rich and complex Sonata (1920), the bare and acrid Sonatina (1927) or the earlier mellifluous short works which have a lyric eloquence and charm that finds later expression in the slow movement of the Concerto. This movement comes as a *recueillement* (instinctively the mind supplies a French term when describing this music which owes much to French modes of writing), of self-communion and evasive thought, between the two outer movements where the thought comes to the surface in bright, introvert music, heightened in the finale by acute points of orchestration.

It is clear that the piano was never the instrument of Vaughan Williams's instinctive choice, though he treated it less disdainfully than the harpsichord, in that at least he did write for it. His single Piano Concerto (1933) is at once one of his most recalcitrant and most characteristic works. Whereas Ireland would woo the piano and in so doing draw from it a wealth of purely pianistic phrases, outlines and embellishments, Vaughan Williams would never descend to such tactics, never caress the keyboard. Rather he seems to hit the piano hard over the head and when he happens to draw beauty from it, as he does in the partly calm, partly ecstatic slow movement of this Concerto, it is as though he had first stunned, then ravished the instrument. It is evident that, from the start, he was standing no nonsense; those large chords and chord figurations, beyond the safe grasp of any but the largest, most powerful human hands, make that plain. So it has been that the music has had to wait until arranged for two pianos before it could move with ease and its intermittent expanses of mellifluous beauty, hitherto static and as it were frozen, be quickened into life.

If in this work Vaughan Williams appears to turn his back on all other influences but those arising from his own thoughts, while Ireland stands sideways, with one ear intent on a few among his French contemporaries and the other turned towards his own thoughts, Arthur Bliss in his Piano Concerto (1938) half listens to the florid romanticism of Liszt; this is writing of high-stepping Lisztian virtuosity, a performer's paradise. The outer movements are expansive and the whole Concerto, including the quieter slow movement, is in the grand manner. Within this large three-movement scheme Bliss moves resolutely and with unfailing dexterity. It is one of his finest works and a signal contribution to the art of the piano concerto in Britain.

By that time new composers were coming forward, one of them, Ralph Wood, of remarkable individuality. Wood's Piano Concerto (1946) is in one way a puzzling work because its roots are difficult, if not impossible, to trace. This was a new aspect, at least as regards the writing of piano concertos in this country, though we have seen that Vaughan Williams likewise took his own way. In that alone the two men come close as creative musicians. There is nothing in style, aim, or content that connects them except for this stern (in Vaughan Williams's case it has been called forbidding) insistence on the right of a man to speak his own thoughts in his own way. It is an honourable tradition but it does not pay dividends quickly. Wood's Concerto has been performed, I believe, once and that in a broadcast, never in public is not a forbidding work. For all his a intransigence Wood wears his indiv quietly in this concerto. The work, in on ment, with such variations in spe dynamics as stimulate attention and evad tony, has passages of recognizable vi though, as in William Walton's *Sinfon certante* (1927), a concerto in all but na piano in Wood's concerto is closely in with the orchestra.

A year later appeared Lennox Be Concerto for piano and in 1948 his Conc two pianos. Both works belong to his m both show a similar fastidious artistry, a near-Gallic appreciation of tonal symme an instinctive feeling for the inherent r of the piano. The two-piano Concerto is movements, the second being eleven va on a theme, a rare type of construction the hands of a man with a keen sense c an effective, shapely scheme.

His almost exact contemporary Alan thorne has written two Concertos fo (1943—a former version with strings a cussion came four years earlier—and These are works strongly impregnate Rawsthorne's individuality, which consi fusion of taut rhythms, ebullient meloc lines, and pungent harmonic progressio whole manipulated with great skill and t craftsmanship. Rawsthorne is the most writer of concertos among composers bo in the early nineteen-hundreds. To that tion belongs Edmund Rubbra whose Concerto (1955) is notable for the influ eastern modes (the *sarod* playing of Al Khan) and for the originality of the cons of the three movements, termed resp *Corymbus, Dialogue,* and *Danza alla* Michael Tippett's Piano Concerto (1956 the tale well into the previous decade still more recent concertos by Stephen I and Kenneth Leighton await the atten discerning pianists. Tippett aims at en the poetic, lyrical qualities of the pian than its rhetorical attributes. In his scin score the British piano concerto has mo away from Vaughan Williams's monolith of twenty-three years before, though came to delight in orchestral percussio have relished the piquant effects contrives.

rdening

Pruning and Sowing in the Spring

By F. H. STREETER

S IS THE TIME of year to prune, or cut back, ain shrubs. Buddleia variabilis, for instance, ls cutting back hard, to the last eyes: that e shrub you see in the autumn, with trusses flower at the end of the long vths—a shrub much beloved by erflies, especially the Red Admiral. ere is one buddleia you must never ne—globosa.) Do not be afraid to cut ly fuchsias right down to the ground. y will then throw up long growths, red with flowers. Hydrangea panita grandiflora is another plant that ls pruning back to two eyes on each ch. The ordinary hydrangea horis must not be cut back. It has to e up its flower buds the previous . The salix that is grown beside the r for the effect of its coloured bark vinter needs cutting right down now. pring is the time to get on with seed ng in the greenhouse. First comes antirrhinum. There are now varieties ll sizes and many colours: yellow, ge, amber, scarlet, pink, crimson, pale apricot. Rust-resistant varieties are also available. Sow the seed thinly in either boxes, pots, or pans filled with a sandy compost. Raise all the seed in a light, porous soil. Water, before sowing the seed, and cover it very lightly with just a sprinkling of soil. Place a sheet of glass over the pot, and a newspaper over this, to keep the soil from drying out, but remove the paper the moment you notice the seedlings on the move. Antirrhinums take rather longer than some seeds, but keep an eye on them every day after the first week. Place them in the warmest end of the house, and they will soon grow into nice little plants.

Butterflies on a spray of buddleia

S. Beaufoy

Pentstemons will give a lovely show of flower this summer if sown now. There is a wonderful variety of colour, and there are some named varieties which have magnificent spikes. These flowers can be used by themselves as a border, or can be grouped in a mixed border.

Pansies, too, are charming flowers in any place. Today there are some outstanding strains to be had. A blue one called Ullswater is particularly striking. If you sow the seed now, prick out the seedlings when they are large enough to handle, and they will give you first-class bedding material from early May onwards.

—From a talk in the Home Service

dge Forum

The Masters Pairs Championship

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE

IN THE PROGRAMME broadcast on February 28 Mrs. Rixi kus and Mr. Charles H. Goren, the leading erican authority, joined us in a discussion on e of the more interesting hands from the ters Pairs Championship. The Champion- had been won by a young French pair, G. Bourchtoff and Mr. C. Delmouly and our broadcasters had themselves taken part he event.

ealer East; game all:

NORTH
♠ A 9 7 4 2
♥ A K 10 8 5
♦ A Q 7
♣ None

WEST
♠ 10 5
♥ 7 3
♦ 10 8 4 2
♣ J 9 7 5 2

EAST
♠ K Q 6
♥ Q 9 2
♦ 9 5 3
♣ A Q 8 4

SOUTH
♠ J 8 3
♥ J 6 4
♦ K J 6
♣ K 10 6 3

ast opened either One Club or, in the case hose competitors who favoured a weak No mp throughout, One No Trump. When No Trump was passed round to North the on varied considerably. Mrs. Markus's ner had made a bid of Two Diamonds, a ventional bid which has the effect of a take- double with no interest in the club suit. Mrs. Markus had responded Two No Trumps and had passed her partner's next bid of Three Hearts, but agreed that this was a pessimistic view. Mr. Goren had doubled One No Trump and his partner, Mr. Boris Schapiro, had passed for penalties. When West removed to Two Clubs, Mr. Goren passed, and passed again when his partner doubled. The penalty of 500 proved less valuable than the game. Reese and Franklin both preferred a take-out bid of Two No Trumps on the North hand. This is a forcing bid which shows a powerful distribution and invites partner to bid his best suit: South would bid Three Clubs and when North bid Three Hearts it would be clear that he was powerful in both majors. Amongst the more amusing results when East opened One Club was that of the winners, who held the North-South cards. West made a psychic response of One Heart and North doubled: South bid One Spade and North raised to Four Spades. East doubled, and after winning his first spade trick played away from the Queen of hearts to concede an over-trick.

Dealer South; North-South game:

♠ None	♠ Q 7 6
♥ 10	♥ A K J 9 8 4
♦ K Q 5 4 2	♦ A 10 8
♣ A J 10 9 4 3 2	♣ 8

After South had passed, most West players opened the bidding and North-South intervened in spades. On a 4-1 diamond break Six Diamonds was unplayable, and the several pairs who arrived at that contract failed by three tricks. The following auction, which might have been expected to prove the most popular, occurred at only two tables:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
No Bid	1C	1S	2H
2S	3C	No Bid	4H
No Bid	No Bid	No Bid	

Eleven tricks were made for a very good score, but not so good as the one which was somewhat fortunately obtained against Mr. Goren and Mr. Schapiro. Mr. Swinnerton-Dyer and Mr. Beale, their opponents, followed the above sequence until the final round, when West jumped to Six Clubs. South held K x of clubs and since he also held four diamonds and the Queen of hearts, he was squeezed in the red suits when the declarer ran the club suit.

In the third hand to be discussed the main point related to the following hand:

♠ None
♥ A K 10 6
♦ A 8 4 2
♣ J 10 9 7 5

Your left-hand opponent, vulnerable, has opened One Diamond (or One Heart), partner has passed and your right-hand opponent has bid Four Spades. What action, if any, should you take? The panel favoured some action, but were divided between Four No Trumps and Double. In practice the double would have earned a large penalty and the bid of Four No Trumps, inviting partner to bid a suit, would have conceded one. Goren pointed out that the double left it open to partner to remove if he had a good distribution, since his own hand should tell him that the double was not based on spade tricks.

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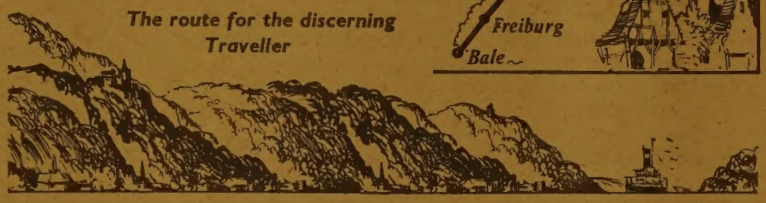

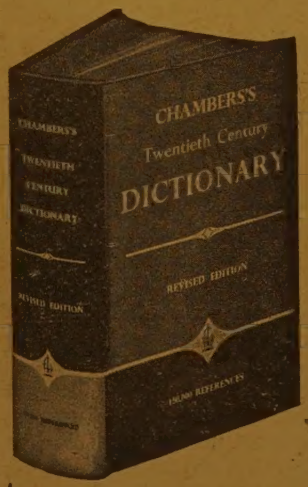

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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

Ideas for Food

THE SUGGESTIONS for meals broadcast over the past few onths in 'Woman's Hour'—some of which ve been published in THE LISTENER under the le 'Varying the Menu'—inspired a com- tition for listeners to the programme. They re asked to submit ideas (not comprehensive cipes) for four categories of meals. Here are me suggestions from winners in the London ea. We hope in future weeks to print some om winners in other parts of the country.

1. SUPPER DISHES that 'cook themselves', om Mrs. Sykes, of Hutton Mount: (*a*) Previ- sly cooked smoked haddock, flaked into a ll-buttered oven dish. Cover with an omelette xture, made with chopped parsley (and ished garlic if enjoyed). Dot with butter, and ke in a moderate oven (cooking time, half an ur). (*b*) Into a shallow, well-greased dish, place ced lean bacon, quartered tomatoes, and mush- oms. Pour over these a mixture of lightly aten milk and eggs, seasoned. Bake in a oderate oven (cooking time, half an hour). (*c*) to a tightly lidded casserole lay a slice of aising steak on sliced onions. Season to taste, d herbs and garlic in removable bag, cover th a glass of red wine (no water). Place in en at lowest setting (cooking time, two hours).

2. LEFT-OVERS used for high tea, from Mrs. lton of Earley: (*a*) Scone pastry dumplings: ed chopped onion, mixed with minced scraps meat and tinned tomatoes, and seasoned, rolled balls, made into dumplings with scone pastry, d baked in a hot oven. (*b*) Potato crust rolls: voury minced scraps of meat mixed with chut- y and made into rolls with potato-crust pastry. Bake in a hot oven. (*c*) Vegetable upside-down cake: diced root vegetables and celery or cauliflower placed in a greased dish and well moistened with stock or gravy. Cover with scone pastry containing an egg, and serve hot from the oven, turned upside down, with gravy.

3. PACKED LUNCHES, from Mrs. Washbrook of Walthamstow: (*a*) sausage rolls, tomato; crispbread sandwich with seeded raisins; an apple. (*b*) Brown-bread sandwiches with scrambled-egg filling, mixed with grated cheese and chicory leaves; home-made flapjack, made with oats and coconut; fresh fruit. (*c*) flaked fish sandwiches with chives or lettuce; biscuits or mince pie; fresh fruit.

4. PUDDINGS, from Mrs. Saunders of Wembley: (*a*) Apple-nut meringue: bake a flan case, fill with lemon-flavoured stewed apple; top with meringue mixed with two ounces of grated nuts. Bake half an hour to brown. (*b*) Winter 'summer' pudding: line a pudding basin with slices of bread, fill with stewed dried apricots, top with bread. Steam one hour. (*c*) Orange fritters: dip sections of orange in batter. Fry in deep lard; drain well. Sprinkle with rum and caster sugar, and serve very hot.

Parsnips

There are many ways of serving parsnips other than in stews or casseroles. Washed and put into boiling salted water, they will take forty to sixty minutes to cook—less, of course, in a pressure cooker. Scrape them after boiling, then divide them into pieces the length and thickness of your finger, dip in batter, and fry in deep fat. Drain on absorbent paper, and serve with tomato sauce! Diced, and tossed in melted butter with a half teaspoon of lemon juice, they go well with poultry; or they are tasty mashed with a dash of lemon juice, shaped into small cakes, coated with flour and fried.

ANNE WILD

Notes on Contributors

ANDREW SHONFIELD (*page 375*): economic editor of *The Observer*; recently engaged by the Ford Foundation to survey at first hand the problems of the under-developed countries (his report is to be published in 1960); author of *British Economic Policy Since the War*

ALEXANDRE METAXAS (*page 377*): French journalist; author of *Russia Against the Kremlin, Pékin contre Moscou*, etc.

H. E. HOLTHUSEN (*page 385*): leading West German poet and critic living in Munich; author of *Rainer Maria Rilke, a study of his later poetry, The Crossing, Hier in der Zeit, Labyrinthische Jahre, Ja und Nein, Der Unbehauste Mensch*, etc.

P. A. BRUNT (*page 387*): Lecturer in Ancient History, Oxford University; Fellow and Tutor of Oriel College

G. QUISPEL (*page 389*): Professor in the Faculty of Theology, Utrecht University

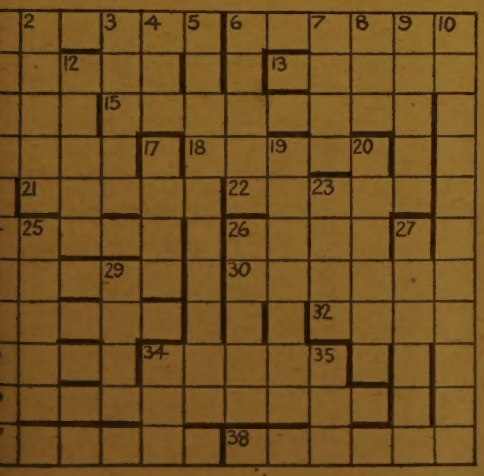
A. J. CAIN (*page 391*): Demonstrator in Animal Taxonomy, Oxford University, and Lecturer at St. Peter's Hall; Leader of the Oxford University Expedition to British Guiana, 1959; author of *Animal Species and their Evolution*

Crossword No. 1,553 Imp of Mischief—IV By Pipeg

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d., respectively

osing date: first post on Thursday, March 10. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes ntaining them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, .1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

the clues have been 'devilled', *i.e.*, a number of letters ich form the light have been omitted. *E.g.*, 'The tout easily identified by the beak (4)'. The light is CANE, when this word is inserted the clue reads 'The *canet* is easily . . .'. 9 is a surname and 10 is a place-name. Though liberties have been taken with punctuation, capital letters, and grouping, the order of the letters in the clues has not been changed. The unchecked letters occur in: DRAT ALLAN TRENT. TIN MELODIES MADE ANN AIL; ROT.



AME.....

DRESS.....

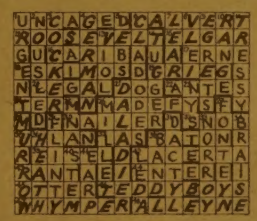
CLUES—ACROSS

1. Don't drink alone in the public, Rob; rage may follow (6)
6. If it be cameras, you would get no pictures here (6)
11. The beasts over there require stalls; and elsewhere make a fine show (5)
13. The cattle in the deme slowed as they climbed the slope (5)
14. Is his trembling caused by drinking cha? It might be (3)
15. Bring a scarf for your head, coat and umbrella (8)
16. When I have a beaver—was there such fun before? (4)
18. To get this cat on gate; both my arms to reach it (5)
21. We shall not have juntas; Paris gives the verdict (5)
22. In the noble's changed bearing a cross pate appeared (5)
24. If you're afraid of a mink, insure against all weasels! (5)
26. Gardener's interest is turning to war-diary again (4)
28. We find peas an attraction still for Basque athletes (5)
30. Anon I wist—O was my Muse inspired? (6)
31. He gives his lady-love cameras and jewels (5)
32. Looking out for the ice-bound ships, move with care (4)
33. In the peat, both worms and centipedes appear (4)
34. Malay ruler comes back to proa 'Royal Decree' (5)
36. By turning king's evidence, he got the factor condemned (10)
37. Do you know about this Crusader hero? I do (6)
38. She, with her chargers, by the hollow oak (6)

DOWN

1. Students pass from study of the goal topics (11)
2. To endure the storm without, a tree needs to be well protected (5)
3. English students are expected to study theses (5)
4. All the old crocks in the town, Mum brought along to the Show (3)
5. To make my new roof, firs take the place of thatch (10)
6. If we pause, boy, Mother wouldn't do the chores (5)
7. Who went to see the den when in Algiers? (4)
8. We found this cretin searching for a nude show in Paris (3)
9. When four make their exit, a single quin appears alone (5)
10. As Pa goes by, friends say he's ageing fast (11)
12. Now charges have riderless asses, do not count the cost (5)
17. The old buck, found in the streets of Bath, was duly dressed for dinner (4)
19. I'm the horrid press—about, with words, to annoy you (7)
20. When the body fat becomes, pensions of great size need reducing (6)
23. In the end, State-letters were kept secret (4)
25. Studying the primates bores and annoys the lazy student (5)
26. A deaf man speaking—our answer is hard for him (5)
27. When hunting the pygmy, soil makes whites poor (6)
29. Hubby said it's a change of hat I need (4)
34. Troops get sent out to Mars, training (3)
35. What does she earn by her charing? (3)

Solution of No. 1,551



NOTES

Across: **17.** Ern(I)e; **18.** E(arth)-skim + rev. of so; **20.** leg-al(1); **21.** four mngs.; **22.** rev. of s.-Etna; **32.** sn-ob, and two mngs.; **37.** £ + as; **43.** an in rt.; **44.** enter(a); **45.** (t)otter.

Down: **5.** De(ntal stu)bs; **6.** cla-dod-es; **9.** (r)egrets; **10.** three mngs.; **11.** tre-SS-y (s.v. ess, *Chambers's*); **25.** m = rev. of an, and two mngs.; **27.** Fon-T + anag. of yen; **29.** fl-int(estines)-y; **31.** da-c(i)ty-l (lad); **34.** two mngs; **38.** ban-d, and three mngs.; **40.** three mngs.; **41.** Wyatt E.; **42.** Castor and Pollux: dale, anag.

1st prize: Mrs. D. M. Denny (Topsham); 2nd prize: J. Walters (London, W.14); 3rd prize: J. A. Beavan (Richmond, Surrey)

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